DAY & NIGHT WEAR
(REGD. TRADE MARK)
"Viyella" (Regd.) "AZA" (Regd.) "Clydella" (Regd.)
Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (Trade Only), 24-26, Newgate Street, London, E.C. 1.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

1/6 Net MONTHLY

JULY 1919

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Poetry	Stephen Southwold
	V. H. Friedlaender
	Trevor Allen
	Muriel Stuart
	A. E. Lloyd Maunsell
	Ethel Archer
	Thomas Moult
	F. V. Branford
	Evelyn Cousins
Picking Fir-Cones	Algernon Blackwood
Flies	G. E. Eyden
The City of Bells	Louis Golding
The Story of Ts'ui Ying Ying	Yüan Chēn
A New Reading of Henry V.	Gerald Gould
My Last Day in the Army	R. M. Anthony
Bagdad, Paris, Mesopotamia, Ltd.	Austin Harrison
The New Military Groupings	Austin Harrison
The Future of Opera	Ernest Newman
Our Empire, The League and the Future	Lt. Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N, M.P.
The New Loan	Raymond Radclyffe
Books	

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: 18/= POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.
HALF-YEARLY " 9/=

All rights reserved

19 GARRICK STREET, LONDON

Incorporated A.D. 1720.
ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE
FIRE, LIFE, SEA, ACCIDENT AND GENERAL INSURANCES.
Full Prospectus on application to the Secretary.
Head Office - - ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C. 3

What we all desire

PEACE, prosperity and plenty—these are the aspirations of every one of us to-day.

Peace in the home—a reasonable degree of comfort and leisure, with freedom from domestic labour worries; prosperity in the industrial world—increased output with better living and working conditions for the men and women employed; and plenty in field, farm and garden—a land where rationing and soaring food prices are nothing but an evil dream.

And the way to that great goal?

One sign-post pointing along it is inscribed "Scientific Coal Conservation"—that is, the distillation of raw coal in the country's gasworks.

The use of gas means—in the home, increased comfort, convenience and fuel economy, with the abolition of much of the most unpleasant domestic drudgery; in the industrial world, the introduction of improved machinery, a higher rate and quality of output per hand employed, less labour, greater cleanliness, better hygienic conditions—and a never failing supply of those constituents of coal, lost when it is burned in its crude form, which are essential to industry; and on the land, record harvests largely brought about by the more general use of sulphate of ammonia, the valuable fertiliser recovered in the process of gas making.

Therefore, for the sake of peace, prosperity and plenty—and to lessen the drain on our fast-diminishing coal reserves—use gas wherever possible and urge others to follow your example.

Further information can be obtained from the Secretary—

THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION

47 *Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.* 1

X8rb

"MOSELORO"

Estate Wine

If you want a white wine of surpassing delicacy, and possessing all the fine characteristics of the old-time German Moselles, you will like

"MOSELORO"

Estate Wine

"MOSELORO" is the produce of our Ally, France, and the brand of Estate Wine is specially selected from her choicest vineyards.

"MOSELORO" is a pure, still wine of delightful bouquet and rich flavour.

"MOSELORO" is clean-tasting and wholesome, and recommended by the Medical Profession for those subject to Gout and Rheumatism.

"MOSELORO" not only resembles the famous old German Moselles, but is infinitely superior in quality.

"Moseloro" is obtainable at all leading Hotels, Restaurants, and Wine Merchants.

London Office:
"Moseloro," 17 Charlotte St., London, W. 1.

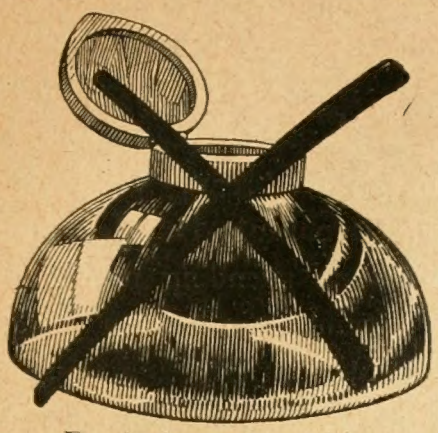
Advertisement Supplement

Beautiful Pottery

¶ Now that things for the home are being made again, we have many opportunities for securing some admirable pottery. Experiments have been made by conservative potters during the war, with the result that it is now possible to secure really beautiful examples of the potter's craft in modern mood, sane and shapely in form, and rich in colour, at moderate prices. Messrs. Heal and Son, Ltd., have a very fine selection at their showrooms in Tottenham Court Road, W. There are vases of the same simplicity and beauty of design as those of ancient Greece, which delight the eye at the British Museum. There are cups and jugs and dishes all fashioned in the most graceful designs, and these alone are worth a personal visit of inspection to Messrs. Heal's. But there are many other attractive examples of china and glass in the handsome and spacious *salons* on the first floor. Table wares and toilet wares are very attractive, especially some of the simple designs which are described as cottage wares. The willow pattern, of course, comes amongst these, and chequer patterns, which are very popular for their simplicity and neatness. The Persian rose, too, in leadless glaze is a bold and beautiful pattern, and the Flemish green, plain cream, and honey buff "cottage" are most desirable. One can get tea and breakfast services, dinner, coffee, and dessert services in all these varieties of ware, and the great advantage is that any piece can be matched and bought separately in case of breakage. The cottage toilet wares are also in willow pattern, Persian rose, and plain colours, while the Devon pitcher set is a very inexpensive style for those who want artistic simplicity. An illustrated catalogue of table wares and toilet wares will be sent on application.

Nerves and the Nation

¶ Nerves are the epidemic of the age, and it will take some years to get back to equilibrium after the nerve-shattering effect of the war. Everyone, therefore, should try to keep as fit as possible. When nerves "go wrong" it is simply because they are weakened by worry, over-work, or illness. A course of Sanatogen changes wrong nerves into strong nerves, and thereby imparts vigour



Don't depend on this.

Nothing is more annoying when you want to write to find that someone else is using the pen and ink. Why not buy a Waterman's Ideal and be pen-independent?

Do all your holiday writing out of doors

—just when you are in the mood for it. Don't waste the golden hours indoors writing with borrowed pens that do not suit your hand. There is a just-right, ever-ready Waterman's Ideal—the world's best pen. Buy one before you go away.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Three types: "Self-filling" and "Safety," **15s.** and upwards; "Regular," **10s. 6d.** and upwards.

See also No. 74 (Regular) at **17s. 6d.** with the Security Cap. Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.

L. G. SLOAN, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2

And 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W. 1.

"Country Life"

Smoking Mixture

This delightful combination of the Best Tobaccos is sold in two strengths: MILD and MEDIUM

10½D. per ounce **3/6** per ¼-lb. tin.

N.B. "Country Life" is packed only in original packets and tins by the Manufacturers

JOHN PLAYER & SONS,
Nottingham.

P.765 Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

and health to the whole system. Sanatogen is a genuine food tonic, which feeds up the nerves—a natural process without stimulation or reaction, and therefore certain and lasting in its ultimate result.

An Appeal for Half-crowns

¶ HALF-CROWNS are urgently wanted to pay for bread. This annual appeal, which comes to us from Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should find a ready response. All those who are spending money and enjoying the festivities of this victory summer can spare a thought for the Barnardo children when they know that over ten thousand Barnardo boys have fought on land and sea. Realising this, the thought will speedily crystallise into a deed, and the annual appeal for half-crowns will surely find a ready response. They are urgently needed to pay the food bill for the Barnardo family of 7,300 children—children who may be destined to do great deeds for the Empire in the future. The provision of food for the largest family in the world is a serious problem, especially in these times of high food prices. Over 7,000 children have been admitted to Dr. Barnardo's Homes since war broke out, a large proportion being the children of soldiers and sailors. Last year 269,840 half-crowns were raised for this fund in memory of the late Dr. Barnardo. The need is greater than ever this year, so everyone who can is asked to help the Homes to raise a still larger sum.

The Pen for a Busy Writer

¶ ALL writers are busy people and desire to write as much as possible in a given time. The old method of ink-dipping does not suit the author or journalist, to whom a pen with a continuous and steady flow of ink is a necessity. Things often have to be dashed off at a furious speed, and one needs all concentration on the subject in hand. Most writers carry their own special brand of fountain pen about with them and find it a boon and a blessing. Waterman's (Ideal) fountain pen has proved itself a possession of exceptional value and merit, and has won the admiration of all its regular users. One of the best testimonies to its reliability has been given by Mr. Andrew Melrose, the well-known publisher, who says that his prejudice against fountain pens vanished with Waterman's Ideal as the model, and he remarks also that it is curious how much ill-usage a pen of this sort will stand at the hands of a nervous writer. During the war innumerable Waterman pens were sent to the soldiers, who were just as enthusiastic about their excellence as their friends at home. The name of L. G. Sloan, Ltd., is familiar to all, and The Pen Corner, Kingsway, is a central place to see the Ideal pen and to test its quality. It can be had, of course, of all stationers and jewellers every-

BY

"An Officer of the Grand Fleet"

The ROAD TO THE STARS

and Other Essays.

2s. net, postage 2d.

¶ Comprises a number of short Essays designed to show that a revolution in man's thought must precede a revolution in social life. ¶ The author holds that the conscious realisation of the power of life would mean freedom from the dominion of world ideas, and would result in the highest liberty and life that men desire.

The FOURTH DIMENSION. Essays in the Realm of Unconventional Thought.

By "An Officer of the Grand Fleet."

2s. net, postage 2d.

LONDON:

C. W. DANIEL, Ltd., 3, Tudor Street, E.C.4.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS

"Nothing better could be wished for."—*British Weekly.*
"Far superior to ordinary guides."—*Daily Chronicle.*

VISITORS TO LONDON (& RESIDENTS) SHOULD USE

DARLINGTON'S

LONDON & ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and Sir ED. T. COOK.

6th Edition Revised, 6/-

30 Maps and Plans. 100 Illustrations.

"Very emphatically tops them all."—*Daily Graphic.*
"A brilliant book."—*Times.*
"Particularly good."—*Academy.*
"Best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

100 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans, 3/6.

PARIS, LYONS, and the RIVIERA.

60 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans, 5/-

NORTH WALES.

100 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans, 5/-

DEVON AND CORNWALL.

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 2/6.

NORTH DEVON & NORTH CORNWALL.

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 2/6.

SOUTH DEVON & SOUTH CORNWALL.

1/3 **THE MOTOR-CAR ROAD BOOK and Hotels of the World.**

Complete List Post Free from Darlington & Co., Llangollen.
Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO. London: SIMPKIN'S.
New York and Paris: BRENTANO'S.
RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Beautiful Photographs of Scenery, Ruins, etc., in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt, also the English Lakes and North Wales, 1/-, 1/6, 2/- List post free.

DARLINGTON & CO., Llangollen.

THE QUEST

Edited by G. R. S. MEAD.

Single Copies 2/6 net; 2/9 post free.

Vol. X. JULY, 1919. No. 4.

Regenerative Reconstruction. The Editor.

The Language of the Prophets. Prof. Maurice A. Canney.

The Works of Thomas Traherne. Maud Joynt.

The Later Mysticism of Mrs. Atwood. W. Leslie Wilmshurst.

How Helen of Troy Became Gnostic. Prof. Yacher Burch.

The Transformation of Ideas in Dreaming. Joshua C. Gregory.

Mysteries. D. Thomas Jarnes.

The Desert Monks. Millar Dunning.

The Indestructible Element in Shadowland. E. P. Larken.

The New Life. Moysheh Oyved.

Immortality. W. M. McGovern.

JOHN M. WATKINS,

21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2

JUST PUBLISHED. Catalogue No. 180. Fine and Rare Books, Standard Sets, English Literature and History, Art, etc. Foreign Literature, Folk Lore, etc., etc.

Wanted to Purchase: First Editions and Presentation Books of Esteemed Writers. Standard Sets, Fine Books of all Descriptions, English and Foreign; Kelmscott and Doves Press.

W. HEFFER & SONS Ltd.

Booksellers, Cambridge, Eng.

where, the "Regular" type from half a guinea upwards. The "Safety" and "Self-filling" types are from 15*s.*, and there is a No. 74 "Regular" type at 17*s.* 6*d.* with the security cap.

Bermaline Bread

¶ Bread dries up and becomes unpalatable very quickly in summer time, and a choice should be made carefully of the best kind to eat. Bermaline is particularly good for keeping fresh and moist. It is just the bread for the hot weather, and it is especially nourishing for invalids and children. Indeed, one can practically live on Bermaline with fruit and eggs and milk while the heat waves continue. Anyone who has not tried Bermaline should do so without delay. Any reader of the English Review who writes to Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow, will receive a free sample loaf, and the address of the nearest Bermaline baker.

A Good Wine

¶ It is good news in these days of restrictions to hear of a good wine—indeed, it is good news to hear of a wine at all. Those who like white wine will be glad to learn of Moseloro, an Estate wine which is of a choice delicacy and possesses all the fine characteristics of the old-time German Moselles, but is infinitely superior in quality. Moseloro is a pure still wine of delightful bouquet and rich flavour—it is clean-tasting and wholesome, and recommended by the medical profession for those subject to gout and rheumatics. It is a brand of Estate wine specially selected from the choicest vineyards in France. Moseloro is obtainable at all leading hotels, restaurants, and wine merchants, or direct from Moseloro, 15 Charlotte Street.

Victory over Blindness

¶ The St. Dunstan's motto, "Victory over Blindness," is the title of a new book by Sir Arthur Pearson, which is just published. It is a record of brave and splendid effort which all should read and keep as a constant reminder that the work begun at St. Dunstan's is not finished now that the war is over, and that funds are constantly needed to "carry on." This book is published simultaneously with the Fourth Annual Report of St. Dunstan's.

Though five months have passed since the Armistice was signed, the demand on the resources of St. Dunstan's is now heavier than it has been at any other time. Hostilities have ceased, but the work goes on at full pressure.

During the past year nearly 300 men have left the Hostel, equipped to excel in their chosen work, to make extraordinary use of those other senses that must take the place of sight, and to find happiness in their regained sense of power.

This is the wrapper of

WRIGHT'S

the ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE

COAL TAR SOAP

For nearly 60 years it has had the recommendation of

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

To St. Dunstan's, which Sir Arthur Pearson established in March, 1915, have come very nearly all of our men who lost their sight in the war, practically all of the men from the Overseas forces, and a small number of French and Belgian soldiers.

The number of men who have come to St. Dunstan's is 1,483. The total is made up as follows :—Officers, 75; Non-commissioned officers, 249; Privates, 1,159. Of these 690 have completed their re-education as blind men and already have been established in the business they have mastered, and 740 are still making their brave fight against difficulties in the class-rooms and workshops of St. Dunstan's.

For the blinded man, the occupations in which he can hope to excel are limited. At St. Dunstan's men are trained for eight definite openings :—

1. Massage. 2. Office work, including shorthand and type-writing. 3. Telephone operating. 4. Basket making. 5. Mat making. 6. Cobbling. 7. Joinery. 8. Poultry farming.

The actual net income from each of these occupations varies, of course, with the individual. The majority of the men are now by their skill able to earn more than they were accustomed to do before they lost their sight, and the average earnings of these blinded men can bear comparison with the earnings of sighted men similarly employed. Their work is not only as good but often better.

There is nothing that the record of St. Dunstan's shows more clearly than this : That the more fully a blind man is occupied—the wider his interests—the more closely he keeps in touch with the normal life about him—the happier he is. Since he cannot look on, he needs all the more to participate in life.

All subscriptions and donations should be addressed to The Secretary, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

A. E. M. B.

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND NASAL CATARRH

The Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment

Articles are frequently appearing in the newspapers and magazines, written by persons who, whilst they deplore the serious loss the United Kingdom sustains annually through the ravages of consumption, hold out no hope of a cure being found. What these people write regarding tuberculosis naturally tends to have a very depressing effect on consumptives who are unfortunate enough to read pessimistic statements. We hasten to say that the belief in the impossibility to cure phthisis is absolutely without foundation, and the sooner the established fact that consumption *can* be cured is everywhere appreciated the better it will be for the masses.

It is not due to the much-vaunted open-air measures that we are enabled to state that victims of consumption can be restored to health and strength, but to the specific treatment for phthisis and allied complaints promulgated by Dr. Edwin W. Alabone, which undoubtedly offers the best possible chance of cure. It has been put to the severest tests, and its success has been phenomenal, especially in view of the fact that so many of the patients cured have not commenced the treatment until the eleventh hour, after their cases had been given up as nopeless in other quarters.

As we have before mentioned, any reader who happens to be personally interested in the vitally important question of the cure of consumption should acquaint himself with the *modus operandi* of the Alabone method of treatment. It would certainly be worth his while to do so.

Thousands of people have been cured by this treatment, very many of whom have written telling of the benefit they have received.

The following letter is of interest:—

"Birmingham.

"The Dr. E. W. Alabone Treatment.

"Dear Sir,—I feel compelled to state briefly my firm belief in your treatment of Phthisis.

"I have just concluded a six months' course of treatment, and I have endeavoured to comply with your instructions kindly given me from time to time. I believe at the time I took up your treatment the disease had not gone very far, but from that time I steadily put on weight and my general condition gradually improved, and I am very pleased, and indeed thankful, to inform you that after being tested in many ways during the last three months, I am now pronounced cured. I have to thank you for the very business-like and courteous manner in which you have dealt with my case, including the prompt despatch of medicines and replies to inquiries I have made during my course. I should have no hesitation whatever in earnestly recommending the Alabone Treatment to anyone suffering from the disease.—I am, dear Sirs, yours faithfully,

"A. C. H."

This case, previous to adopting the Treatment, had been in a sanatorium, and had tried Tuberculin Injections.

"Worcester.

"The Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment.

"Dear Sirs,—I was yesterday examined by my doctor, who was very pleased with the result of the examination. He said that he could not find any trace of active disease, and that, in his opinion, I could now discontinue the Alabone Treatment.

"I should now like to put on record my appreciation of the benefits I have received from your Treatment. I am sure it has been the means of restoring me to a state of good health and strength again. You may be sure that I shall recommend the Treatment to anyone suffering from Consumption with whom I may come in contact.—I remain, yours very sincerely,

"W. S."

The most complete information on this important question will be gladly supplied on application to the Secretary, The Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment, Lynton House, 12 Highbury Quadrant, London, N.5.

Of course, we need hardly point out that what has now come to be known as "The Alabone Treatment" for Consumption and Asthma is not a success in every instance; naturally some do not recover; nevertheless, the claim is perfectly justified that in the great majority of cases it is possible to effect genuine and lasting cures, even where the disease is far advanced.

One cannot do better than advise any reader to obtain a copy of Dr. Alabone's important book, "The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and other Diseases of the Chest," now in its 49th edition, 174th thousand, which will be forwarded for 2s. 6d., post free, from Lynton House, 12 Highbury Quadrant, London, N.5.

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

There is just one trouble to the smoker of "Three Nuns"—it must be that or nothing!

"King's Head" is similar but stronger

Both are sold everywhere

1-oz packets 11½d

Tins: 2-oz 1/11—4-oz 3/10

Cigarettes

(Medium)

5½d for 10 : 11d for 20

Boxes of 50 2/2½—100 4/3

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited, 36 St. Andrew Square, Glasgow 635

Bermaline

Bermaline is the best brown bread for picnic parties and sojourners by the silvery sea, when on hot days they ask for tomato and cucumber sandwiches, or simply bread and butter. Fresh cut Bermaline and farm-house butter help to make a merry feast. When they vote on bread the children plump for Bermaline because it is so nice.

Write to Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow, for Free Sample Loaf and address of nearest Bermaline Baker.

READ

"SAVONAROLA BROWN"

BY

MAX BEERBOHM

in the MARCH NUMBER of

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

1/6 net.

If you cannot obtain a copy at your Newsagents, apply direct to THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 19, Garrick Street, W.C.2.

TATCHO
The HAIR GROWER

A few drops of Tatcho occasionally and vigorous brushing—and you will be able to say with Mr. Geo. R. Sims—

"Look at my hair now!"

The very name of Tatcho inspires confidence. As Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the author, dramatist and philanthropist, said to the editor of the *Daily Mail*, "Look at my hair now, look at the colour. Isn't that convincing evidence of the value of Tatcho. Ladies confirm my good opinion of it."

From Chemists and Stores everywhere at 1/3, 2/9 and 4/6.

Mr. G. R. SIMS.
Photo by [*Lavis, Eastbourne.*

A RESTORATIVE FOOD

MOST ill-health is due to the weakness rather than to the actual disease of vital organs. The latter lack the power to work and require vitalising influences. These are present in 'Bynogen'—a Food rich in the essential nutriment needed to nourish, energise and restore the forces of the body upon which health depends.

'Bynogen' Trade Mark
Brings Health

Of all Chemists at 1/9, 3/-, 5/- & 9/-

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard St., LONDON.
B 59

IMPRESSIONS

A MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE

THERE is no magazine in the world just like IMPRESSIONS. It treats business as the most important thing in material life, and shows in a fascinating manner how easy it is to get pleasure and a living at the same time. There are no technical articles in IMPRESSIONS. The great subject of business is handled in a way which provides inspiration for all, whatever their profession or trade or calling. IMPRESSIONS stands for better business and better living in the highest sense of the term. It is the monthly mentor of our biggest business men, and in its own circle carries an influence more powerful than outsiders can understand. It is edited by G. E. WHITEHOUSE, who, in a remarkably short time, has earned for himself an international reputation for being the most interesting yet fearless writer on Business subjects. He writes a large part of the magazine each month; says what he thinks, and thinks so nearly right, that big men believe in him and applaud his views. IMPRESSIONS is a big magazine, 11 in. × 9½ in., with 48 pages, full of sound editorials and high grade advertising. If you believe in progress you will like this magazine, though you may not agree with everything it prints.

SUBSCRIPTION 6/- PER ANNUM.
Sample copy for six penny stamps.

IMPRESSIONS PUBLISHING CO., LTD., 76, Hanover Street, EDINBURGH.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

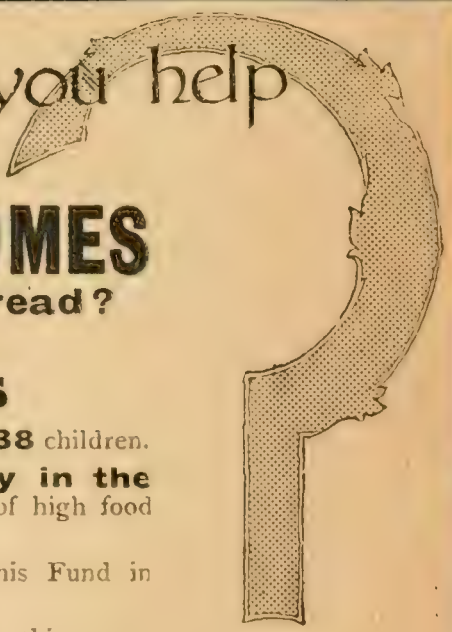
Edited by Austin Harrison

CONTENTS OF THE ONE HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-EIGHTH NUMBER

			PAGE
1.	STEPHEN SOUTHWOLD	We are the Little Men	1
2.	V. H. FRIEDLAENDER	To a Poet	2
3.	TREVOR ALLEN	After the Raid	3
4.	MURIEL STUART	Boys Bathing	4
5.	A. E. LLOYD MAUNSELL	A Song	6
6.	ETHEL ARCHER	Silence and a Song	7
7.	THOMAS MOULT	Workhouse Funeral	8
8.	F. V. BRANFORD	The Moon	9
9.	EVELYN COUSINS	To a Flirt	10
10.	ALGERNON BLACKWOOD	Picking Fir-Cones	11

[*Contents continued on page* xiv.

Will you help



DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Will you send them 2/6 for Bread?

The usual ANNUAL APPEAL is made for

HALF-CROWNS

to help to pay the Food Bill for their great family of **7,238** children.

The provision of food for **the largest family in the world** is a serious problem, especially in these times of high food prices.

Last year **269,840** Half-Crowns were raised for this Fund in memory of the late Dr. Barnardo.

Will you please help the Homes to raise more this year, because the need is greater?

7,848 children admitted since war broke out, a large proportion being the children of Soldiers and Sailors.

10,715 Barnardo Boys have fought for you on land and sea.
Will you help their brothers and sisters?

Cheques and Orders payable "DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES FOOD BILL FUND," and crossed (Notes should be Registered), and addressed to the Honorary Director, WILLIAM BAKER, Esq., M.A., LL.B., at

HEAD OFFICES: **18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E. 1.**

When sending Gifts, please mention "ENGLISH REVIEW," *July*, 1919.

The "De Reszke" Art Gallery

This Picture Free

To "De Reszke" Smokers

You can obtain a copy of this picture, printed in colours on art paper, 15" × 10", by sending to address below a "DeReszke" box lid and 2d. stamps for postage and packing (or without lid 1/-), mentioning Picture No. 69. (Terms for previous pictures on application.)

Miss Peggy Kurton

who played with great success in "The Officers' Mess," writes: "THE 'DE RESZKE' CIGARETTES ARE DELICIOUS. THERE IS NOTHING SO SOOTHING AS A 'DE RESZKE' AMERICAN."

"DE RESZKE"

The Aristocrat of

Cigarettes

AMERICAN: 10 for 9½d., 25 for 2/-, 50 for 3/11, 100 for 7/8.

TENOR: 10 for 1/3, 25 for 2/10½, 50 for 5/7, 100 for 10/9

The following are a few other representative opinions: —

Sir Thomas Barlow writes:—

"I do not smoke myself, but my friends say the 'De Reszke' Cigarettes are excellent."

Lawson Wood, Esq., writes:—

"If everything that ends in smoke were half as good as these 'De Reszkes' what a glorious world it would be!"

Major J. Mackenzie Rogan (Coldstream Guards) writes:—

"Your 'De Reszke' Cigarettes are greatly appreciated. Good flavour and mildness are particularly noticeable."

Madame D'Alvarez writes:—

"I find your 'De Reszke' Cigarettes most excellent and soothing."

Sold everywhere, or post free from J. Millhoff & Co., Ltd. (Dept 81), 86, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

CONTENTS (*continued*)

		PAGE
11. G. E. EYDEN	Flies	25
12. LOUIS GOLDING	The City of Bells	27
13. YÜAN CHĒN	The Story of Ts'ui Ying Ying	32
14. GERALD GOULD	A New Reading of Henry V.	42
15. R. M. ANTHONY	My Last Day in the Army	56
16. AUSTIN HARRISON	Bagdad, Paris, Mesopotamia, Ltd.	60
	The New Military Groupings	67
17. ERNEST NEWMAN	The Future of Opera	78
18. Lt. Commander the Hon. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.	Our Empire, The League and the Future	85
19. RAYMOND RADCLYFFE	The New Loan	89
20.	Books	93

WHEN smuggling was practised, tobacco was limited in variety and origin. Now many lands contribute varieties having distinctive qualities, the perfect blend of which is "SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE."

F. & J. SMITH, Glasgow,
Manufacturers of **"ORCHESTRA"**
High-Class Virginian Cigarettes.

SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE

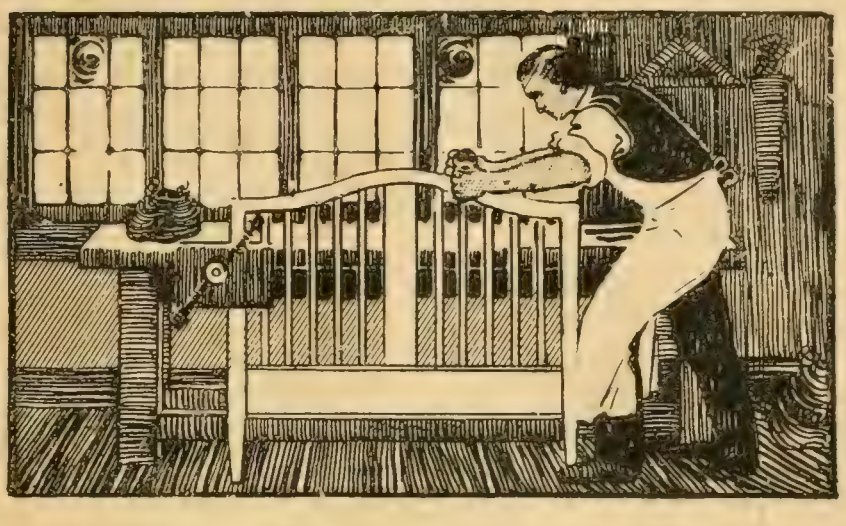
MILD MEDIUM FULL

Per 10½d. oz.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

S 308

CRAFTSMAN'S WORK.



HEAL & SON have helped to conserve the best tradition of fine craftsmanship in furniture-making by constantly designing and producing good modern work.

A visit to their beautiful shop now, is a visit to an exhibition of current progress in industrial art, stimulating and informative.

Heal's have preserved respect for the fine traditions of the past, but in reproducing period furniture they have not slavishly copied, but made, where necessary, intelligent adaptation to respect modern standards of comfort and hygiene. And due economy in price is a point which they always keep in view.

Heal & Son Ltd

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD W

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

JAZZING.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

"JAZZED TO THE WORLD"

PEACE!
And plenty—
Of Manchurian meat
And miscarried mutton
And mournful mobs
Of struggling serfs
Storming the tube
And besieging the bus
Or begging for beer
In plutocrats' pubs
And feeding on fruits of victory.

* * * *

And a very new world
Of parvenu peers
And bung baronets
And niggardly knights,
Whose honours were won
On the fields of finance,
And proud profiteers,
Fed fat by the war,
Now prey on the peace
By filching the fruits of victory.

* * * * *

All this is, of course, merely jazzing with the millennium. It is written in a spirit of mischievous merriment, which might not appear unbecoming in these serious days of peace.

It should not be mistaken as another example of the exuberant decadence of Youth.

While the splendid old men so wisely settle the destinies of the world, Youth should hold its breath—and purse. And Middle Age its sides—with Dionysian laughter.

Age feebly fiddles while Youth brilliantly burns.

* * * * *

It is Pope & Bradley's pleasure to equip young men. They regret they have no time at present to clothe old men. Youth has now to fight to liquidate the legacies of Age.

Incidentally, old men have not the figures to carry Pope & Bradley's clothes. They must be left to wrap themselves in their Treasury notes.

Lounge Suits from £9 9 0 Dinner Suits from £12 12 0 Overcoats from £10 10 0

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY
14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

JULY, 1919

We are the Little Men

By Stephen Southwold

WE are the little men who made
An earth, a heaven, and a god;
Devils, and martyrs unafraid
Who bled, and blossom in the sod;
Altars, and smoke of sacrifice
To veil our hot, desirous eyes.

With kisses from our praying lips
We burnt our lusts upon your nights,
Touching your breasts with finger-tips
Too avid of their quick delights.
And for your wounds a Christ who bleeds,
And long cold hours to tell your beads.

Order and law and sheltered ease,
And little painted jails of stone;
Soft smiles, and supple knightly knees,
All this was given you to own;
And with our little hands of clay
We soiled the flowers about your way.

Children you gave us for our pride,
Young flesh of pleasure, blood of pain;
So were you *Mother*—sanctified;
We knelt us to our gods again:
The Mart, the Furnace, and the Guns
Who drink the blood of all your sons.

We are the little men who bind
The dreams we may not understand
With words, that you must stumble, blind,
Along the paths our fathers planned;
By little laws found meet and good
Trip the young feet of motherhood.

We are your masters, priests, and kings;
One law alone, the law we give;
There is no song a woman sings,
No vision, and no dreams that live.
O, dust of all the Woman-dead,
Hide thou our shame when we are sped!

France, May, 1918.

To a Poet

By V. H. Friedlaender

You have put on your singing-robe again,
That is a flash of wings,
Now white, now gold, now iridescent, then
Black as the pit whence all sweet singing springs.

But I who worship where I may not tread,
Nor touch your garment's hem,
O, I who would not have your glory shed,
Your feet ensnared, forfeit your diadem?

I (and may God forgive me) walk so far
Below your starry shrine,
That sometimes, losing sight of Whose you are,
I *would* give all your songs—to call you mine!

After the Raid

By Trevor Allen

DOIRAN FRONT, APRIL, 1918

. . . No; it is not the barrage, not alone
The frenzied mouthing of the guns, the flashes
That blench the sky, the gale of roaring shells
Over ravines, the crash that cleaves the breath,
The moan of falling fragments; not alone
The mocking chatter of machine guns, spitting
Death like a hundred devils at one's head—
Though this is bad enough, God knows, God knows.

Not these, not these. It is the sudden poise,
The sob of silence when the tumult dies,
And the frog's croaking seems so still a noise,
And the cicada's plaint so wise, so wise.
It is the moment when the stars regain
Their empery, their tragic questioning;
And the moon gazes at our world of pain,
So like a fevered child's pitying.
It is the bustle in the trench, the speech
Of agony: "O Christ! go steady, mate!"
The curtness of the bearers, lest they reach
Their journey's end, too late.
It is the pang that one whom England bore,
Who loved his England thirstily as I,
Lies lonely now beneath a stranger's sky,
And will see England, England! nevermore.

Boys Bathing

By Muriel Stuart

Round them a fierce, wide, crazy noon
Heaves with crushed lips and glowing sides,
Against the huge and drowsy sun.
Beneath them turn the glittering tides,
Where dizzy waters reel with gold,
And strange, rich trophies sink and rise
From decks of sunken argosies.
With shining arms they cleave the cold
Far reaches of the sea, and beat
The hissing foam with flash of feet
Into bright fangs, while breathlessly
Curls over them the amorous sea.

Naked they laugh and revel there.
One shakes the sea-drops from his hair,
Then, singing, takes the bubbles : one
Lies couched among the shells, the sands
Telling gold hours between his hands :
One floats like sea-wrack in the sun.
The gods of Youth, the lords of Love,
Greeks of eternal Thessaly,
Mocking the powers they know not of,
Naked and unembraced and free!
To whom the Siren sings in vain
To-day, to-morrow who shall be
The destined sport of gods and men.

Unseen the immortal ones are here,
Remembering their mortal loves,
—The strange, sweet flesh, the lips that were
Frail and most perishably fair,
And lovelier as all things that die
Are lovelier than the things that bear
Cold curves of immortality.
Diana leaves her whispering groves,
And of Actæon dreams and sighs,

And hears the hounds bay in the wood.
Oh, Cythera, the trembling blood
Upon one's petal paling mouth
Before thee and this noon must rise
While thou remember Adon's eyes!
One mournful and complaining shade
Beyond Avernus bows his head,
Dreaming of one belovèd youth
Borne from him, lost and dazed and dead,
Dragged by the nymphs' avenging hair
Into the sea-bed oozing dim,
In that cold twilight unaware
Of each great sunrise over him.

One day, while still these waters run,
And noon still heaves beneath this sun,
You shall creep, unremembering,
Whom Life has humbled and subdued,
Ruined your bodies, tamed your blood,
No more the lords of anything.
But spent and racked with mortal pains,
The slow tide pushing through your veins,
Coldly you face this magic shore;
For you the disenchanted noon
Scarce haunted is with ghosts that were
Once, and were you, and are no more.

Faltering against the wind and sun
That vainly seek your hair for gold,
Stubborned with habit, grey and old,
You know not why you wander here,
Nor what vague dream pursues you still;
For Life has taken fullest toll
Of all your beauty; on each soul
Love's hand has left his bitter mark,
Has had of you his utmost will,
And thrusts you headlong to the dark.

And colder than these waters are
The stream that takes your limbs at last:
Earth's vales and hills drift slowly past.
One shore far off, and one more far.

A Song

By Arthur E. Lloyd Maunsell

I WALKED in a hidden valley
While the birds were yet asleep;
Ere the Sun had taken his tally
Of the minutes in his keep.
And perchance he still was drowsy and
Some moments escaped his view,
But it fell that an hour escaped him,
And that hour, love, gave me you.
For the white mists of the morning
Are sweet, though they melt away;
And the scent of the flowers at dawning
Are the keenest of the day.
And the ways of love are tender,
Though the hour of love be brief:
Does it matter to us, my darling, that the
Noon of that day hold grief?

One hour while the tall, stiff grasses
Hung heavy with their dew,
Love came breathless and silent about us
And guided my steps to you.
And you met me expectant, full-hearted,
Part willing, yet half afraid;
Would you wish now that we had parted
Ere the song of that hour had been played?
Do you wish that my hands had not found you,
Or our lips had never met?
There are years mayhap before us, and
Would you in them forget?
For the white mists of the morning
Are sweet though they melt away.
And the scent of flowers at the dawning
Are the keenest of the day.
And the ways of love are tender,
Though the hour of love is brief:
Shall it matter to us, my darling,
If the rest of the years hold grief?

Silence

By Ethel Archer

Amid the thunder of the rolling spheres,
Herself unchanged despite the changing years,
She stands supreme, alone.
With trembling hands tight pressed to rigid ears,
Deaf to all prayers, and hopes, and human tears,
One voiceless Horror—louder than all fears,
Filling the great Unknown.

A Song

By Ethel Archer

The light wind dallies with the deep,
The wanton waves are far from home,—
And like a poppy-petal, sleep
Lies on the silken bearded foam.
And near at hand the sea maids comb
Their amber tresses: and I creep
Within the golden net,—and weep
For all the lesser loves that roam.

Workhouse Funeral

By Thomas Moult

BETWEEN two lines of planted privet trees
Out through the court-gate where the great house glooms
And down the ragged cinder-path, she comes
With her bright lips, and all her memories. . . .
Of one who had a lordly lover's ease
Of the proud lifting breasts unmoving now
As she comes slowly down the dusty brow
Between two lines of planted privet trees. . . .
Of that lord-lover's arms to seek and seize
The slender grace of her with passion's heat,
The love-beat of great worlds in her heart's beat,
On the bright lips the press of eternities.
Out through the court gate where the great house is
She comes. . . . And they who follow in her wake
See but a coffin the hired bearers take
Along the way which is a cemetery's:
Knowing it not, bearers or portresses,
This burden of old death which yesternight
Doddered and whimpered in lone age's plight
Up yonder, where the glooming great house is,
Once to her proud heart clasped a lord's delight,
On her bright lips the press of eternities.

The Moon

By F. V. Branford

Ghast mass of ice,
Thou tomb,
Once a live womb
Teeming to birth
Even as Earth.

Thou, even as
Earth, from the primal mass
Swirled into space,
Folded thy shrunken face,
Buckled thy molten base,
Till seas boil and roar
Where crags smoke and soar
Out of thy blazing core.

Thence to thy Cambrian night,
Silurian trilobite,
Darting belemnite,
Gigantic deinosaur
Swooping thy desolate shore
Where the sheer course is
Of huge wild horses,
Forward to shape
Man out of ape—
Out of a beast
Poet and Priest.

Now thou art led
On a viewless thread
Round Earth new-born, with thy cargo of dead,
That a bird should sing,
In the heart of spring,
Of winter waiting to shatter her wing.
Thou floating tomb,
Thou withered womb,
Thou pale Cassandra of Troyland doom,

I who rest
At the burning breast
Of Beauty, fling thee a golden jest,
Go, slay with slight
Stolen might
Lark and linnet, but spare the kite
Or ever he harry thee out of night.

To a Flirt

By Evelyn Cousins

Nothing much,
Just your touch
On my arm;
Yet the thrill
Is there still
Of your charm.

Only this,
Just a kiss
'Neath starshine;
Ah! I dreamed
Yet you seemed
Wholly mine.

Quite absurd
Just a word
Lightly spoken;
It was true,
Dear of you:
My heart's broken.

Picking Fir-Cones

A Fragment

By Algernon Blackwood

Author of "The Centaur," etc.

I.

AMONG my earliest recollections of any vividness is a voice saying "yes" across the darkness of my winter bedroom. My exact age at the time is difficult to fix, but since I have no memories of anything before I was six, it may be set, perhaps, safely at seven years old. The voice seemed outside myself; it issued apparently from the shadows as a whole, rather than from a particular corner of the fireless room.

I had been lying awake, wondering "frightfully hard" about everything, why so much was forbidden, and how disappointing it was to be blocked by rules and parents and nurses, and so on, when there stole out of the hush this whispered "yes," as if in answer to my puzzles. It gave me the feeling that life was intended to be lived. All sorts of things were going to happen at once: I would do, accept them all. An exultant happiness burst up in me. I was alive!

"I'm at it all again," came to me.

Questions as to goal or origin there were none, but the feeling of "again" was vivid. This idea of resumption was certainly present. I resumed a journey; the train had stopped, but now went on again. . . . It was to be a long, long business, yet stuffed with interest and excitement to which I looked forward with zest, with positive joy. I had been "at it" for ages already, the journey by no means just begun. I was hungry to live, but to live again, and this hunger was familiar to me. My questions, my wonder, seemed like efforts to remember things just out of reach,

yet not impossibly, finally, out of reach. They were recoverable. Meanwhile, I wished "fearfully" to live and experience again, avoiding nothing. "Getting on," I called it, though growth, *quâ* development, was certainly not present in my mind at that tender age.

I woke next morning with the excitement to do things in my blood, and to do them as soon as possible. I did them. I turned on all the taps in the bath-room, tried to set fire to a hay-rick to see the blaze, and let the pigs out of their pens into the stable-yard and thence into the garden. I remember lifting a broken hop-pole to hit the coachman's daughter with. I did everything I could, taking the consequences, painful though these were, and puzzling too. For no one really explained to me, but merely said No, and then hurt me physically. It made no difference apparently. I meant to live, to miss no opportunity of doing things and enjoying the experience, pleasant or unpleasant. To avoid and shirk merely because it hurt was to lose an opportunity I was alive to know; whereas to suppress a desire, find no outlet for it, filled me with a choking violence that poisoned my whole being—what my elders meant by wickedness,I suppose.

Keen regret invariably followed such repression: I had missed an opportunity that might never come again. The hunger to live had been denied. To suppress without regret was a stage, of course, I reached much later; to divert this energy into other channels, transmuting it, came later still. If intensity was my native gift, at any rate, I think my energy was merely wasted rather than used for evil. This analysis, moreover, belongs to maturity, when reason loves laborious explanations; at the time I accepted and believed: I only felt and acted.

Evil! It was just this word, so often on father's lips, that, with its opposite, good, made me feel sure there was some state superior to either, and that this state I had experienced already. I had known it before, but had now forgotten. It was recoverable, however, only I must be jolly quick about recovering it, for once I was grown up it would be too late. It involved an experience of strange, enormous, universal conditions difficult to describe. I wanted to get into everything, to do everything and to do it all at once, to be everywhere and to be everywhere

simultaneously. The fir-cone incident was the only practical proof I had that it was possible. It will be described presently.

Here, then, was a definite, though wholly undetailed, memory. Belief, so called, played no part in my attitude towards it. I *knew*. I was haunted at this very early age by a dim recollection of some state superior to good and evil, and it betrayed itself, briefly, in an intense longing for things to be otherwise than they were—entirely otherwise.

This sounds so ordinary, it was actually so significant. No intellectually-devised Utopia was involved: an *absolute* change was what I so ardently desired. Hints of it came to me—came back: in fairy-tales, in poetry, in music, yet most frequently and with a closer sense of validity, from the beauty of Nature, especially in wild and lonely places; though as I grew older I grew, it seemed at the same time, smaller, and the chances of recovery rapidly decreased. I was settling in among conditions that excluded full recollection. Soon I should forget altogether.

The memory, as I have said, was undetailed, but two conditions stood out in the recovery so ardently desired: I wanted goodness to be more good, wickedness more wicked. People of both types were so tame, insipid, colourless, so oppressively alike. The good were only just good by the skin of their teeth, as it were, their goodness managed by an effort that left no energy over; they laboured for goodness, and for happiness, at some future time. Good to me meant positively shining. Yet the good folk had no particular joy. I wanted people who were shining and radiant *now*. Children had more of the quality I meant than older people, but no one had it properly at all.

With what my parents called "evil" it was similar. Depravity there was in plenty, but that was negative: an open wickedness, strong and unafraid, I did not find. What passed for wickedness was a hole-and-corner, afraid-of-being-caught, a shame-faced business; what passed for goodness, an equally negative state that denied living and kept certain rules grudgingly and with sighs for the sake of safety and some reward in the future. Energy, raised to the intensity where it involved worship—though I did not phrase it so at the time—did not exist at all. It

was such a trumpery affair, the way folk lived. I wanted an intenser life that was somewhere within reach, within recovery. Memory played faintly round it like a flame, but a flame that was slowly and surely dying as I grew older. I longed to lift a curtain, to stretch the scale, to open life to some gigantic flood that was brimming just outside, ready to pour through and sweep me into joy and power. This immense tide hung waiting only just beyond the way we lived, but some small personal fear of its depth and extent alarmed us all. The key-note, at any rate, of this superior state I refer to was certainly joy. Joy was the quality that no one had—that joy, as I knew later, which is the essential quality of wisdom. The surprise, the unearthly touch, of wisdom, are mothered always by this towering sense of joy. It was the denial of joy everywhere that chafed and bruised me at a very early stage of my development, since it was, of course, a denial of life itself. The "yes" in the darkness of my bedroom was an affirmation of its accessibility. And memory was an ingredient.

The accessibility of this superior state I dreamed about remained my firm knowledge for a long time. It lay within reach still, here and now; it was really everywhere. Any moment I might pop back into it—at the end of the wet brambly lane, round the bend of the passage in the old house, behind the huge cedars, across the pond, a little further down the river. It was not in the future, but now; it was not away, but here. When least expecting it, I should come upon the exit through which I had slipped down into "this"—this life with parents, brothers, sisters, servants, governesses, gardeners, coachmen and policemen, all saying No from morning till night. And, once I came upon the exit, I could slip in again. But the way of slipping in or out I also had forgotten, and I made no special effort to recover it because it seemed so amazingly easy—a mere question of mood almost—that no effort was really necessary. It would come of its own accord. If people would only stop saying No so loudly, it would surely be upon me any moment.

Yet the actual way and method became more and more uncertain. Some kind of distance shrouded it in haze. It was then that I *tried* to get it back, but found that no mental effort was of any use, thinking and longing least of all.

The conviction of genuine belief alone could manage the desired recovery, and it was this belief precisely that had begun to waver and grow dim in me as I got older. I must keep very still, intensely still, but with an interior stillness that was now escaping me, because no one knew of it, practised it least of all: this stillness within me I must find if I was to recover what I longed for before it was too late.

Then one day, quite suddenly, it came to me of its own accord. I did not discover it, but just knew. I did it. We called it—do you, my brother, as you read these notes, remember?—by a word of our own invention: *dipping*.

II.

On the back lawn you and Val and I (Val just back from his first term at Charterhouse) were picking fir-cones that crackled sharply to the touch and had earwigs crawling between the dark little gaping crevices. A penny a hundred was the rate of payment father made, half in play and half in sermon-earnest, and the cones were burned eventually in the drawing-room fire, with the remark (if we happened to be present): "See how useful your labour was, my boys! No work is lost, nothing in life is wasted!" The sentence always made me feel rude; I wanted to deny it angrily, but never dared to. The actual picking, however, was rather fun. The crinkly cones with their ugly brown inhabitants were mysterious; the pincers of the insects fascinated me. As a rule, too, this collecting seemed important; it made a difference to the world; yet ever with this half-concealed provision, that it was actually a sham, and that one day some person or other would catch us at it and laugh. The humbug of it would be shown up. . . . One thing that held my interest, perhaps, was the quantity, and the way the cones deceived me. At first they appeared so few upon the lawn, so thinly scattered; yet half an hour's labour made no difference to the numbers left. The quantity, indeed, increased; the lawn seemed blacker. I could not make it out. And a hundred cones took up so small a space in the gardener's wooden basket that smelt of leaves and mould.

On this particular occasion we were picking hard, with remarks at intervals about the number, the prospective

pennies, and speculations as to which of us had collected the greater quantity, when, quite suddenly, there was a change.

I was kneeling up at the moment, watching Val—Val, who was so clever, who explained things and "knew it all";—my head swam a little with the rush of blood from stooping; Val had filled his straw hat, but, forgetting the blue cord fastened to his button-hole, reached out an arm with a careless jerk that upset his entire store. He uttered an exclamation of disgust with a wry grimace, glancing round at me as though he hoped I had not seen the accident. I thought for a moment he was going to cry with disappointment. It was just then that a new mood—the change—came on me as with a burst of dazzling light.

The tiny comedy was set upon the big green lawn, the towering cedars behind, the vast summer sky of blue above. Such was the background to the trivial accident—an insignificant human miscalculation of time and distance framed by the steady, unalterable immensities. The contrast made me catch my breath. I did not laugh, I felt no triumph or pity; I felt, indeed, no interest of any kind, but knew suddenly that I was unutterably bored. The occupation *was* a sham, it was absurd and trumpery. Someone—father perhaps—was laughing at us. This was not living, it was merely making the time go by without being counted. There were better things to do, real things, immense opportunities sliding past unclaimed. Indeed, we were humbugging as well as being humbugged. I, at any rate, could manage things differently, otherwise, quite otherwise. The sense of the superior state I had forgotten and was in danger of losing altogether came breathlessly close to me. I shivered.

I stopped. A huge simple joy stole over my whole being. I had a sense of awe that made me hold my breath and at the same time intensely happy. The thing I so yearningly desired was near to me as air, not in the future, not away, but here and now. I only had to claim it. There was rapture. I trembled, as though interiorly I was a sheaf of fine, taut wires drawn thin as silk, and a wind passed over them.

I waited, kneeling upright on the grass and staring. Nothing happened at first. All my activities, not merely

the gathering of the fir-cones, came to rest. My inner being had become intensely still. Of Val I was no longer aware, I hardly saw him; but I saw you, my brother; I stared, watching you in your alpaca suit of overalls, as you stooped and picked and stretched out your arms and legs in the sunshine. You moved slowly; and I marvelled why you continued grubbing so contentedly on one spot of ground. You crawled laboriously over the lawn, a few inches at a time, panting with effort, like some monster-insect badly made, clumsily jointed: even the earwigs moved with more skill and cleverer energy.

It was ludicrous; yet I realised you were doing this on purpose and had not really "forgotten" any more than I had. It was a phantom you I watched; the real you looked on, looked down, from this superior state. You yourself watched the phantom "you" with detachment that was not quite indifference. Sharply then I realised another thing: you picked fir-cones with all your energy, because you knew it was the purpose for which you were here. I was vividly aware in that instant of those two different points of view respectively: neither of us had "forgotten"; but, whereas I revolted and wished to be otherwise, you accepted the present and were content. I felt ashamed of myself while this flashed through me. With its passing, however, my own point of view shot uppermost again. I thought you obstinate, stupid, but knew that I loved you dearly.

"You are my darling little brother," I thought to myself, "only it's stupid-silly—(you remember our childhood superlative?)—of you to be satisfied with this. Why in the world don't you . . .?"

But the actual word escaped me; there was a gap where the right word should have been. The swift, fluttering effort to find it bore fruit afterwards only with the invention of "dip" and "dipping."

"Let's go!" I cried instead. "Let's get on!" It was the nearest I could come to the meaning of what I felt, but could not say. There was an abrupt and passionate vehemence in my voice; in my heart there was absolute conviction. Quietly, without looking up, you replied, "There are more over here," and continued to fill your basket. The rattle of the cones, as you tossed them in, came to me already from a distance.

"Yes, yes," I exclaimed excitedly, for I had the horror that you were missing an amazing opportunity, "but why stick in one place like this? It's awful. We can be anywhere—everywhere at once—doing everything!" I remember the frantic impossibility of finding words to express what I felt so sure of—"Come on, Dick! Come with me!"

Caught by something in my voice, perhaps, you stopped picking and looked up; there was a steady expression in your big blue eyes. You said nothing. I felt that you knew more than I did after all. You wished to restrain me, though at the same time you would have liked to "go."

I sprang up quickly, lest forgetfulness of the way should catch me.

"Anyhow," I cried, "I'm going—!"

And then I heard your solemn whisper: "Look out!" you said softly, "it's not allowed, you know. You mayn't be able to get back. They'll cry about you. Mother'll be in a state. Besides, you'll only miss all *this*—"

There was a catch in your voice and breath as you said it; you were eager and ready; you knew the way; but, for some wiser reason than I guessed, you thought it a mistake to go. I confused, I think, the real you and the other that picked fir-cones and objected. I hesitated for a fraction of a second, the merest fraction. At the same moment I saw Val watching us—watching me in particular—and the startled expression on *his* face decided me. For he was afraid. I realised his vanity, his self-importance, his ignorance; either he had never known, or had entirely forgotten; remembering nothing of this "other" state, he was a sham, unreal, supremely satisfied with himself and with his condition. "Oh, dear," I thought, "almost everybody's like that!" And I cried at the top of my voice, bursting with joy and confidence, "I'm off!"

Val gave a gasp, and shouted "Where?" And I wanted to reply, but had no time to get the words out; besides, the right words would not come.

"Look, Dickie! Look!" I cried happily. You smiled into my eyes, but said no word. And I went.

The effort, if effort there was at all, was of some interior and delicious kind that was familiar. It was not muscular, though it was accompanied by a certain tautening of the

muscles about the heart and abdomen—a sensation of heat in the pit of the body—followed instantly by a complete and comforting relaxation. It seemed a species of inner determination; perfect assurance, absolute conviction made it possible and even easy. I had no doubt that I could "go." I knew. And there was joy in me beyond anything my words can possibly explain.

I went. It was a change of condition really, but the terms of physical motion describe it best. I went out gliding, as in those flying-dreams so many know, and the slight effort was due to the fact that I had forgotten how to exercise the power properly. As in the flying-dream, I now recovered this half-forgotten power. "I can do this again when I wake," thinks the dreamer. "I've remembered at last," I thought; "how jolly!" Had I then known Bergson's suggestion that the flying-dream is due to the feet being deprived of their customary support, I could have given him the lie. The flying-dream is a racial, but also an individual, memory of the means of transition to this other "state." It is supremely easy; only it must be recovered young, before Reason and excess of physical sensation obliterate instinctive knowledge of the method.

I went out gliding, gliding over the summer lawn. I looked down—down upon the fir-cones and the baskets, the cedar tops, the crescent flower-beds, the bushy horse-chestnut and its bulging shadow, the gravel drive, the squat, fore-shortened Manor House. All lay beneath me, curiously flat. You I saw clearly, I saw Val in a haze; and while you increased for me somehow, there was about Val that flat and meaningless quality, as of an empty shell almost, which touched the other objects also with unreality.

And the expression in *his* face I cannot forget: the staring eyes, the mouth wide open, the perspiration on the puckered forehead, the coat pulled out where the hat-cord tugged at it, and then the look of sheer amazement passing into terror, as he stretched his bare arms out, turned jerkily, as though the power of co-ordinating his movements were impaired, and ran headlong towards the house. He had no breath to scream, or possibly the sound did not reach me; for his attitude was a scream materialised. He disappeared. Yet not by going into the building; it was more a fading out, a dying away, as a reflection fades from a pool when

the sun is hidden or a puff of wind obliterates it. He vanished into a depth. He was withdrawn from my consciousness. The phantom Val was all I knew. He was unreal.

With you, however, precisely the opposite took place: you became instantly more real. It seemed I knew you for the first time fully, and understood the reason for the deep tie between us. We both shared another, bigger state. The little figure in alpaca overalls picking fir-cones was not really you at all. It was a phantom you. We now came together for the first time properly, or, as I felt it then, "we were together again—at last." There was union and the full, rapturous joy of union. The idea of being everywhere at once, of sharing everything, seemed amazingly justified.

I cannot say that you joined in my actual physical motion, that you definitely came with me on my gliding, sliding change. It was rather that when I arrived I found you already there; and "there" was a state we had both left temporarily, come down from, as it were, in order to pick fir-cones and do other little necessary things—little things, trivial and unimportant in themselves, yet the doing of which increased our value, our reality. Everybody in the world had similarly "come down," but the majority became so absorbed in the "little, trivial things" that they forgot. Father, for instance, though he went to church as regularly as to the Treasury where he worked, had not the least idea—he denied that there could be a way back at all. And this was why everyone said No so often and so loudly. The important thing was to continue picking fir-cones as long as possible and as many as possible. Whatever enfeebled or endangered the picking faculties must be prevented. Picking to fill one's basket, and to fill it first before anybody else, was the sole criterion of reality and a useful life. Church and the Treasury were both, to father, a form of picking fir-cones, and any suggestion that reality lay in a bigger state was merely stupid-silly. This flashed into me as clearly as the meaning of cake and jam at tea-time. . . .

We were properly together, anyhow, you and I, and the joy was wonderful; but not only was I properly with you, for I was in everything everywhere, not stuck in one spot

any more, but able to do anything everywhere at once. I had this power, this rapture. . . At the same time, *you* understood, apparently, that picking cones on a single spot, and so forth, was worth doing, and worth doing well. It was not to be shirked by any means. We picked experience while we did so, experience that was carried over and stored up in our "other" state, making us more real, and our eventual happiness even more complete. This, too, was very clear to me, simple, easy, and overwhelmingly convincing.

"We mustn't stay too long," you said at once. "They'll be frightened, you see. Besides"—and you laughed happily, as though you referred to a brief, almost an instantaneous interlude—"we want to finish, don't we? Let's get it done. Then we can be together . . ."

There was more I cannot remember; but what I do remember with vividness is the feeling of deep, lasting joy that accompanied your phrase, "then we can *be* together." For it involved everything that those who love, yet fear separation, most ardently desire—complete and permanent union. I was too young, of course, in those days to have realised death, yet I saw clearly as in brilliant sunshine that death, where love is, meant only the transition into this other "state" where separation was not even a possibility. It was, I suppose, my first experience of a spiritual value. The meaning of *Now* was shown to me.

But another thing was also clear: Val had looked on death, or on what he thought was death. For him the only reality was picking fir-cones, and the Val that picked them was the only Val he knew. He had "forgotten" everything. Thinking I was dead, he experienced the nameless terror that is the bogey of his kind—of those who have forgotten.

III.

I found myself in bed. There was a darkened room full of soft rustling and whispering. Busy figures moved to and fro on tiptoe like ghosts amid a general sense of hush. Mother and nurse were bending over me. There was a cold sponge and a feeling of anxiety and awe. I felt this anxiety, this awe, this fear, but I wanted to laugh; I could

not understand this peculiar atmosphere of dread. It was unnecessary humbug. I could have screamed. A yearning sadness next came over me. Then I laughed. And the laughter brought relief, although it frightened the others. Afterwards—long afterwards—it was reported that I hung between life and death. Isn't that delicious? A comic statement—the sort of thing a grub might say about a chrysalis: it hung between life and death before it emerged and flew as a butterfly! . . . A hand stroked my forehead. I knew half-sensations.

Of these half-sensations I was uncomfortably aware. With an effort I had come back, I was shut in again, enclosed, confined in something that had the pain of limitation, yet of limitation that was somewhere valuable. The truth was I had forgotten again, or was beginning to forget, and hence the half-sensations. . . . They explained presently that I had fainted in the sun; "a touch of sun," they called it; and when I laughed at this the cold sponge descended on my neck and forehead and the whispers multiplied.

"Lie quite still, my darling, quite, quite still. Do not excite yourself. You're safe at home, and Mummie's looking after you!"

It never occurred to them that I might have looked after Mummie.

It was marvellously sweet and tender, but O, how futile and how ignorant! I knew so much; I could tell so little—nothing and less than nothing. I had come back. I was caught again. They could not know, because they had "forgotten." At last the cold sponge ceased descending on my neck and forehead; I fell asleep; and when I woke again the curtains were drawn back and the sun poured over the room. "That's real, at any rate," I remember thinking, as I felt the warmth upon my skin. The light made me happy, though I knew not exactly why.

I recovered very quickly. It had been something of a false alarm apparently. There were no ill results, although hourly warnings about the sun continued for a long time, and Val was afraid of me for the rest of the holidays. "I thought you were dead," was all he said; "I saw you tumble down flat, you know." He was white as he spoke of it. "Once I saw a chap fall on his head from the parallel bars

and kill himself," he added. "By Jove, you know—it's awful." Having looked on death, he was afraid of life.

What *you* thought and felt you never said. You were a solemn little owl. Our love seemed more near and understanding than before. I date our realisation of it from that time, at any rate. But, also, from that moment I knew another thing that lay at the back of my brain; I knew it subconsciously perhaps without explanation or analysis. What one knows and believes subconsciously affects all one does in a natural, instinctive way, whereas what one reasons out is a matter of calculation—one is for ever persuading oneself that it is true. This thing I now knew was, perhaps, that daily life was but an interlude of no real duration in a bigger matter, and that death simply closed the interlude—if a state without duration can be said to have an end. My intense desire for things to be "quite otherwise" was actually a memory therefore, true and deep, yet hidden with extraordinary care behind my brain. My true self was not involved with this fir-cone picking business except to watch it and be wise; it dwelt apart, detached from good and evil, so-called; it was everywhere and for ever. It was my "otherwise." To be identified with it meant to know peace and joy and those indescribable states which are of the spirit and of eternity, but to know them *Now*. To forget—as Val forgot it—meant to be unreal. As a dream of ten seconds may seem indefinitely prolonged, so it was with daily life. At the close of the dream the sleeper wakes and says: "Is that all?" The dream has been an interlude without duration.

Although I can give no further details of what I experienced after I went out gliding, I remembered it for a long time with happy wonder. The tang of its unforgettable ecstasy came back with me. I had known power, sweetness, joy; it was complete and satisfying; I had been everywhere, dipped and merged in everything; and you were with me. Young as I was, I realised this great completeness. "It was all right," as I said to you; and the phrase seems to me now significant: *all* and *right*. . . . My yearning to be "otherwise" had been justified. I *had* been otherwise. I had been dipped, then come up to the surface again. And I remember saying this to you, wondering at your owl-like silence, although you

knew far more about it all than I did, and then your remark at the end: "Yes. It's all right, but I vote we stay down for a bit all the same. I think we've got to—don't you see?"

Then, gradually, as we grew older, the memory of the experience faded and grew dim. At school it became heavily obscured, at Sandhurst I forgot it. I did not forget the experience, that is, but I forgot the feelings that accompanied it. I could not reconstruct those feelings; I did not even wish to. . . . Only much later, with the thrill and the opening of the heart by beauty, did the *feelings* partially return to me. . . .

I know now, of course, that it is possible to pick fir-cones on the surface, yet to dip and be otherwise, simultaneously; that this, in fact, is really living. Picking fir-cones helps to build empires, but builds the empire of oneself as well; it is human and necessary, whereas "dipping" is exceptional and divine. Everybody wants to be dipped, yet knows not how to achieve it. Being afraid of death, they are afraid of life—afraid to live. They think that picking fir-cones is the way. They have "forgotten." For, instead, it is the *way* they pick fir-cones that is the Way!

Flies

By G. E. Eyden

The hard glare of July was reflected from the whitish surface of the high road. And so she turned into the shady by-path, looking with wistful expectancy of relief towards the shaded dimness ahead. The robust dark hedge was dappled at intervals with tiny fallen petals, shed by overhanging sycamore and elderberry bush. Here the quiver of brisk little seed-wings caught the woman's casual interest: there she saw the uncompromising staunchness of branch and twig which held up and out the large white elder plates, and encouraged them to flaunt, to assert, to miss nothing.

She wondered if a cosy intimacy of communal purpose was responsible for the clustering of the thick growth beneath: the nettle with green half-prime spires, the bramble mass with white flowers opening starwise wherever the filtering sun-rays touched them with warm promise, the honeysuckle delicately reconnoitring for safety and warmth, subtly sweetening its bloom for the bees' marting.

The woman's senses, which had been nervously and chaotically excited by overlong discontented dwelling in the busy hubbub of town, were to-day indifferently soothed after her first night of country quiet. But now this new environment proved to have for her an unrestful stimulation and gave in one quick moment consciousness to her half-recognised discomfort.

A life of much culture accumulation, combined with a varied experience of men and affairs, had formed æsthetic values which combated wholesome natural stirrings, resulting in an inevitable deadlock whenever any hope of life's realisation rose in her. The recurring question of what this realisation might mean was pressed more closely by the colourful joyousness of an unusually prolific summer season. In everything apparent to her eye, her envy-sharpened understanding read promise—promise and

approaching fulfilment. Through the swaddling oppression of her theories, she had felt the dull urge of a need—of a justification of existence—of a practical self-expression. But the sharp point of its definition had not pierced as yet.

An outsweep of the left flanking hedge, widening the path for a few feet, brought her abruptly before a strange man, who, startled by the unexpected sound of footsteps on the stony track, sprang to his feet. The clean muscular virility of this movement almost prepared her for his alert and interested face, when, in surprised faltering, they came eye to eye. In a flashing second came revelation. Her intelligence, obsessed perhaps through recent sympathy with the joyful reproductiveness she had been regarding, seemed to claim him as a potential response to her need. Held at gaze by this intuition, she read in the expression of his reflected interest a clear cognisance of her. It was a sudden movement of his eye and hand that woke other senses to awareness. She turned.

Grinding, scuffling, stridently grating round the bend in the uneven uphill path lumbered a battered baby-carriage, toilsomely propelled by a blowsy, perspiring young country-woman. It lurched towards and past the arrested pair, the mother's labouring heel-hold noisily gouging the protesting pebbles from their clinging earth-sockets; and the discordant squeak of the oilless perambulator wheels pierced through an insistent buzzing. Abreast of them the buzzing prevailed. For clustering on the villager's dipping velvet toque, and darting sinister round her hot and happy red face and exposed neck, were a thousand glistening flies, thickening to a myriad within the hood raised above the unseen infant. Some of the insects detached themselves from this too competitive whirl to dash in yet more frenzied circuit round the heads of the watchers, their cumulative whizz past the ears outrivalling the retreating noises of the pitiful little caravan.

Conviction stirred the woman. Her long uneasy wondering?—the questioning?

"And is this life's answer?"

Heretofore she had drawn an arbitrary distinction between Motherhood and Maternity. But she had refused to admit the dignity of maternity: motherhood's sacrificial toil she had despised for its peasant quality. Now the

words balanced in her mind with faint rise and fall—poised—found equipoise. That was the truth then.

A tremulous daring seized mind and body, and, sure of comprehension, she turned glowing eyes on the man. He gurgled richly. Far from jarring her tautened sensibilities, the sound pricked her to hope of the coming words.

Another mellow vibration of mirth.

But all illusion was dispelled as he spoke.

"Lordy! how that youngster must stink!" he said.

The City of Bells

By Louis Golding

Beyond the Blue Mountains rose the City of Bells on a plateau of stainless rock, walled in with isolation. The name of the city was Belart, because all the arts flourished here with splendour. The paintings that hung in the great rooms were so instinct with the sheer joy of paint that the looker upon them was transported to an atmosphere of new colour and new light. When the musicians made music and the singers sang, the birds stopped suddenly.

But above all was Belart the City of Bells, for never in all the innumerable moments was not the sound of the ringing of bells lifting along the avenues and over the heads of towers. Fables speak of cities lying deep below the seas, where always through the streets water washes murmurously, and there is no ceasing of the wash of waters. Belart was like these cities, saving that the sea beneath which Belart lay dreaming was the music of bells continuously flowing. Along the avenues went the music of bells, and beneath the gables the echoes lay flickering. Through open windows and below the doors the music entered softly, until every innermost room was full of the beauty of the bells. Over all things in Belart the music was like a robe, a gleam of sound that shimmered and withdrew.

Quiet was this music of the City of Bells saving upon festivals—quiet almost as a tree on a day unvisited by wind, as a tree which seems, none the less, still talking to itself a drowsy and contented tale. Quiet as the breathing of a girl whose head pale among happy pillows dreams of her lover coming with the new moon—quiet as the lifting of her breasts. Quiet as all things that are lovely and gentle and soft as the feathers in a dove's neck. So that this music indeed was less like sound than the falling down of feathers from hosts of invisible birds.

Saving upon festivals. Then when the choruses of singing lads came out into the gathering-places because special worship for heroes dead or living had been ordained, the bells went into tumult. Higher and higher rose the throats of their jubilation until it seemed that the sun himself was a great burnished golden bell swinging uproariously in the loud skies. There was such glory of bells in the city that the lofty towers shook and the pavements rang and the paving-stones in emulation of the sun seemed also to be unnumbered bells each with a lovely tongue swelling that clamour.

A holy city, in truth, was Belart upon the time of festival.

It is said that many many years ago, before the time of Belart, only a few poor houses stood upon that plateau where at last the City of Bells was to stand. A place more fit for lizards and all unhospitable beasts than for humans, they say, and little water was there and scanty grass. The dwellers on that plateau were mean and rude as the waste around them. So for long. Until one day a strange man came and climbed the hills and stood upon that plateau. Around his wrists and ankles were thongs whereon silver bells were sewn, and there were greater bells than these in his hands. With his bells the strange man made music upon a morning and music stole into the shaggy hearts of the mountain-men, and made their eyes dim. They gathered closer round the strange man and awefully touched his bells, wonderingly took and shook them and entered into the mystery of music.

So began the history of the City of Bells. Never from that moment until the Doom fell was the music of bells absent from this far town. Water from some source, once

fastened beyond granite, came forth as to a brother, when the bells started their singing. Much grass came upon the plateau and tiny flowers swaying airily in the wind of sound. The city of no poor men, the city where the arts should flourish with splendour, grew from those dim beginnings. Pillared places uprose in the majesty of noon, colonnades stretched marmoreally, lofty belfries holding golden and silver bells soared into blue day, as endlessly the seas of music washed along the shores of the years.

Until the City of Bells, whereof I have spoken, rose walled in with isolation, on the plateau of stainless rock beyond the Blue Mountains.

Yet, alas! for me that must say it, not for ever, not for ever, did the walls of isolation girdle the City of Bells.

Black on the world fell the shadow of a great War. There were two countries far beyond the Blue Mountains who lusted each for the first place among the vanities of nations. For long, being of wise wits, they smiled one to the other with crafty and sour smiles, until very suddenly the masks dropped and they were locked madly in the clasp of their loathing. The nations over the world ranged themselves on either side because War, it seemed, could no more be confined within borders than the desolation of plague or sea rushing into dry land when the last day shall come.

The gods had abandoned the world. War that denied the gods flourished and became most fat. Lonely cities and islands hardly known shrivelled in the drought of war. Until at last news of all these sorrows went across the Blue Mountains and far away to the isolation behind which Belart had been ramparted, even into the hearts of the citizens of the City of Bells. Because mostly there were music-makers and poets in Belart there was hope that here surely was a city which the gods had not wholly forgotten.

But even in Belart, hidden like fungi beneath stones, there was evil, there was lust, there was lust for War. And how wicked men seized the powers of that city it is too much grief to tell. This I can say only. With the rest of the bad world Belart came out to War.

"Flesh!" they cried, the war-makers, "flesh! and more flesh!"

First went the lovely lads that had enchanted the noon

with their singing upon the times of festival. A little mournfully in their towers the bells shook to see their going. Far went the lads into the fumes of War and most came not again to the city of their singing. Few only returned, and these with horrors wrought upon their white limbs, and one great horror lying like a film across those eyes cloudless of old.

When there were left none of those lads that had made the ancient choruses, "Flesh!" they cried, the war-makers, "flesh! and more flesh!" so now men were taken away from their pale women and children wringing their hands, and these too went marching to black War, and a note of sullen grief muffled the clarity of the bells, and though the bells still rang unceasingly, the music was of iron rather than of gold.

Few remained of the lads and men. "Flesh!" they cried, the war-makers. Older men than these went forth, excepting those oldest who most loudly demanded "Flesh! more flesh!" These remained. The men of fine thinking were taken away from the public services, so that a chaos spread across the City of Bells. All men needful for the body and soul of Belart were taken away to swell the army of shadows that had marched to black War. Yet always and for ever the bells rang along the days. From oldest time the voice of bells had not been silent, and for long even the chief war-makers could not conceive the City of Bells barren of its music. Music was the breath of Belart, and the city void of music was a man emptied of breath. So it was that for long after all the men, saving the very old or a few young and very crafty, had gone away, one band of men remained in Belart as a heart remains in the body to supply the veins with blood. This band of men was the Company of the Ringers of Bells, the oldest of the glories of Belart: a company whereof the Holy Founder was the half-legendary strange man who had come into Belart with its first bells.

All these ringers were men deeply versed in the innermost lore of music and superb in their skill with bells. Poets were they and painters because they needed the wisdom of all the arts to fit them for the grandest tradition of their city; but chiefly were they music-makers, and first among men.

Only the Company of the Ringers of Bells remained.

Faintly, darkly, rumours and animadversions started by secret enemies gathered around them. "Why?" it was asked, "why? why?" But few or none dared yet to state the exact trend of this questioning. Then openly one asked, "And why not these? And why should these not go to the wars who are of no use to our city, but make only meaningless music? And why, and why not these?" The voices grew into a storm of black reproach. "Let them go!" they said, "the useless ones!"

Into the place of the shadows of slain lads and men dying in the noon went the Ringers of the Bells.

Silence. Now silence walked along the colonnades of Belart and silence fell like shadow from the belfries and the high places. Silence in the City of Bells.

Never again to their city came one of that Company, never a Ringer of the Bells. Now in Belart the air which had been a murmurous and unending sea was still as dust. The air lay mournfully like the hangings of funeral. There was music no more in the City of Bells.

Stealthily the foundations of the buildings gave way. Stealthily towers leaned from their upright splendour. Now the grand stone whereof the city was builded clouded from its old loveliness and peeled like a sickly skin. In the night haggard women would awake upon the thunder of some pillar fallen from its base. The fountain that long ago had been fastened beyond granite withdrew upon a sad night, and there was no water in the City of Bells whence music had vanished. The grass faded and died. The marble flags in the avenues cracked. They who had been anciently the happiest citizens of all citizens in the world like grass faded and died. There was silence in the City of Bells.

Do not seek for Belart. The City of Bells is no more. Somewhere beyond the Blue Mountains the empty plateau stands. Silence is in that place and silence shall not go again from the tomb of the City of Bells.

The Story of Ts'ui Ying-Ying

By Yüan Chēn (779—831 A.D.)

Translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley

DURING the Chēng-Yüan* period of the T'ang dynasty there lived a man called Chang.† His nature was gentle and refined and his person of great beauty. But his deeper feelings were resolutely held in restraint and he would indulge in no licence. Sometimes his friends took him to a party, and he would try to join in their frolics; but when the rest were shouting and scuffling their hardest, Chang only pretended to take his share. For he could never overcome his shyness. So it came about that, though already twenty-three, he had not yet enjoyed a woman's beauty. To those who questioned him he answered, "It is not such as Master Tēng-t'u‡ who are true lovers of beauty; for they are merely profligates. I consider myself a lover of beauty, who happens never to have met with it. And I am of this opinion because I know that, in other things, whatever is beautiful casts its spell upon me; so that I cannot be devoid of feeling." His questioners only laughed.

About this time Chang went to Puchow. Some two miles east of the town there is a temple called the P'u-chiu-ssu, and here he took up his lodging. Now it happened that at this time the widow of a certain Ts'ui was returning to Ch'ang-an.§ She passed through Puchow on her way and stayed at the same temple.

This lady was born of the Chēng family, and Chang's mother was also a Chēng. He unravelled their relationship and found that they were second-cousins.

This year General Hun Chan‖ died at Puchow. There was a certain Colonel Ting Wēn-ya, who ill-treated his troops. The soldiers accordingly made Hun Chan's

* 785–805 A.D. † *I.e.*, Yüan Chēn himself.
‡ Type of the indiscriminate lover, fourth century B.C.
§ The capital of China at that time, now called Hsi-an-fu.
‖ *B.* 735, *d.* 799 A.D. Famous for his campaigns against the Tibetans and Uighurs.

funeral the occasion of a mutiny and began to plunder the town. The Ts'ui family had brought with them much valuable property and many slaves. Subjected to this sudden danger when far from home, they had no one from whom they could seek protection.

Now it happened that Chang had been friendly with the political party to which the commander at Puchow belonged. At his request a guard was sent to the temple and no disorder took place there. A few days afterwards the Civil Commissioner, Tu Chio, was ordered by the Emperor to take over the command of the troops. The mutineers then laid down their arms.

The widow Chēng was very sensible of the service which Chang had rendered. She therefore provided dainties and invited him to a banquet in the middle hall. At table she turned to him and said, "I, your cousin, a lonely and widowed relict, had young ones in my care. If we had fallen into the hands of the soldiery I could not have helped them. Therefore, the lives of my little boy and young daughter were saved by your protection, and they owe you eternal gratitude. I will now cause them to kneel before you, their merciful cousin, that they may thank you for your favours." First she sent for her son, Huan-lang, who was about ten years old—a handsome and gentle child. Then she called to her daughter, Ying-ying, "Come and bow to your cousin. Your cousin saved your life." For a long while she would not come, saying that she was not well. The widow grew angry and cried, "Your cousin saved your life. But for his help you would now be a prisoner. How can you treat him so rudely?"

At last she came in, dressed in every-day clothes, with a look of deep unhappiness in her face. She had not put on any ornaments. Her hair hung down in coils, the black of her two eyebrows joined, her cheeks were not rouged.

But her features were of exquisite beauty and shone with an almost dazzling lustre.

Chang bowed to her, amazed. She sat down by her mother's side and looked all the time towards her, turning from him with a fixed stare of aversion, as though she could not endure his presence.

He asked how old she was. The widow answered "She was born in the year of the present Emperor's reign

that was a year of the Rat, and now it is the year of the Dragon in the period Chēng-yüan.* So she must be seventeen years old."

Chang tried to engage her in conversation, but she would not answer, and soon the dinner was over. He was passionately in love with her and wanted to tell her so, but could find no way.

Ying-ying had a maidservant called Hung-niang, whom Chang sometimes met and greeted. Once he stopped her and was beginning to tell her of his love for her mistress; but she was frightened and ran away. Then Chang was sorry he had not kept silence.

Next day he met Hung-niang again, but was ashamed and did not say what was in his mind. But this time the maid herself broached the subject and said to Chang, "Master, I dare not tell her what you told me, or even hint at it. But since your mother was a kinswoman of the Ts'uis, why do you not seek my mistress's hand on that plea?"

Chang said, "Since I was a child in arms, my nature has been averse to intimacy. Sometimes I have idled with wearers of silk and gauze; but my fancy was never once detained. I little thought that in the end I should be entrapped. . . .

"Lately at the banquet I could scarcely contain myself; and since then, when I walk I forget where I am going, and when I eat I forget to finish my meal, and do not know how to endure the hours from dawn to dusk.

"If we were to get married through a matchmaker and perform the ceremonies of Sending Presents and Asking Names, it would take many months, and by that time you would have to look for me 'in the dried-fish shop.' What is the use of giving me such advice as that?"

The maid replied, "My mistress clings steadfastly to her chastity, and even an equal could not trip her with lewd talk. Much less may she be won through the stratagems of a maidservant.

"But she is skilled in composition, and often when she has made a poem or essay she is restless and dissatisfied for a long while after. You must try to provoke her by a love-poem. There is no other way."

* *I.e.*, 800 A.D.

Chang was delighted and at once composed two spring poems to send her. Hung-niang took them away and came back the same evening with a coloured tablet, which she gave to Chang, saying, "This is from my mistress." It bore the title, "The Bright Moon of the Fifteenth Night." The words ran :—

> "To wait for the moon I am sitting in the western parlour;
> To greet the wind, I have left the door ajar.
> When a flower's shadow stirred and brushed the wall
> For a moment I thought it the shadow of a lover coming."

Chang could not doubt her meaning. That night was the fourth after the first decade of the second month. Beside the eastern wall of Ts'ui's apartments there grew an apricot tree; by climbing it one could cross the wall. On the next night (which was the night of the full moon) Chang used the tree as a ladder and crossed the wall. He went straight to the western parlour and found the door ajar. Hung-niang lay asleep on the bed. He woke her, and she cried in a voice of astonishment, "Master Chang, what are you doing here?" Chang answered, half truly: "Ts'ui's letter invited me. Tell her I have come." Hung-niang soon returned, whispering, "She is coming, she is coming." Chang was both delighted and surprised, thinking that his salvation was indeed at hand.

At last Ts'ui entered.

Her dress was sober and correct, and her face was stern. She at once began to reprimand Chang, saying, "I am grateful for the service which you rendered to my family. You gave support to my dear mother when she was at a loss how to save her little boy and young daughter. How came you to send me a wicked message by the hand of a low maid-servant? In protecting me from the licence of others you acted nobly. But now that you wish to make me a partner of your own licentious desires you are asking me to accept one wrong in exchange for another.

"How was I to repel this advance? I would gladly have hidden your letter, but it would have been immoral to harbour a record of illicit proposals. Had I shown it to my mother, I should ill have requited the debt we owe you. Were I to entrust a message of refusal to a servant or concubine, I feared it might not be truly delivered.

"I thought of writing a letter to tell you what I felt;

but I was afraid I might not be able to make you understand. So I sent those trivial verses, that I might be sure of your coming. I have no cause to be ashamed of an irregularity which had no other object but the preservation of my chastity."

With these words she vanished. Chang remained for a long while petrified with astonishment. At last he climbed back over the wall and went home in despair.

Several nights after this he was lying asleep near the verandah, when someone suddenly woke him. He rose with a startled sigh and found that Hung-niang was there, with bed-clothes under her arm and a pillow in her hand. She shook Chang, saying, "She is coming, she is coming. Why are you asleep?" Then she arranged the bed-clothes and pillow and went away.

Chang sat up and rubbed his eyes. For a long while he thought he must be dreaming, but he assumed a respectful attitude and waited.

Suddenly Hung-niang came back, bringing her mistress with her. Ts'ui, this time, was languid and flushed, yielding and wanton in her air, as though her strength could scarcely support her limbs. Her former severity had utterly disappeared.

That night was the eighth of the second decade. The crystal beams of the sinking moon twinkled secretly across their bed. Chang, in a strange exaltation, half-believed that a fairy had come to him, and not a child of mortal men.

At last the temple bell sounded, dawn glimmered in the sky, and Hung-niang came back to fetch her mistress away. Ts'ui turned on her side with a pretty cry and followed her maid to the door.

The whole night she had not spoken a word.

Chang rose when it was half-dark, still thinking that perhaps it had been a dream. But when it grew light he saw her powder on his arm and smelt her perfume in his clothes. A tear she had shed still glittered on the mattress.

For more than ten days afterwards he did not see her again. During this time he began to make a poem called "Meeting a Fairy," in thirty couplets. It was not yet finished when he chanced to meet Hung-niang in the road. He asked her to take the poem to Ts'ui.

After this Ts'ui let him come to her, and for a month or

more he crept out at dawn and in at dusk, the two of them living together in that "western parlour" of which I spoke before.

Chang often asked her what her mother thought of him. Ts'ui said, "I know she would not oppose my will. So why should we not get married at once?"

Soon afterwards Chang had to go to the capital. Before starting, he tenderly informed her of his departure. She did not reproach him, but her face showed pitiable distress. On the night before he started he was not able to see her.

After spending a few months in the west, Chang returned to Puchow and again lodged for several months in the same building as the Ts'uis. He made many attempts to see Ying-ying alone, but she would not let him do so. Remembering that she was fond of caligraphy and verse, he frequently sent her his own compositions, but she scarcely glanced at them.

It was characteristic of her that when any situation was at its acutest point she appeared quite unconscious of it. She talked glibly, but would seldom answer a question. She expected absolute devotion, but herself gave no encouragement.

Sometimes when she was in the depth of despair she would affect all the while to be quite indifferent. It was rarely possible to know from her face whether she was pleased or sorry.

One night Chang came upon her unawares when she was playing on the harp, with a touch full of passion. But when she saw him coming she stopped playing. This incident increased his infatuation.

Soon afterwards it became time for him to compete in the literary examinations, and he was obliged once more to set out for the Western capital.

The evening before his departure he sat in deep despondency by Ts'ui's side, but did not try again to tell her of his love. Nor had he told her that he was going away, but she seemed to have guessed it, and, with submissive face and gentle voice, she said to him softly: "Those whom a man leads astray, he will in the end abandon. It must be so, and I will not reproach you. You deigned to corrupt me and now you deign to leave me. That is all. And your vows of 'faithfulness till death'—they too are cancelled.

There is no need for you to grieve at this parting, but since I see you so sad and can give you no other comfort—you once praised my harp-playing; but I was bashful and would not play to you. Now I am bolder, and, if you choose, I will play you a tune."

She took her harp and began the prelude to "Rainbow Skirts and Feather Jackets."* But after a few bars the tune broke off into a wild and passionate dirge.

All who were present caught their breath; but in a moment she stopped playing, threw down her harp, and, weeping bitterly, ran to her mother's room.

She did not come back.

Next morning Chang left. The following year he failed in his examinations and could not leave the capital. So, to unburden his heart, he wrote a letter to Ts'ui. She answered him somewhat in this fashion. "I have read your letter and cherish it dearly. It has filled my heart half with sorrow, half with joy. You sent with it a box of garlands and five sticks of paste, that I may decorate my head and colour my lips.

"I thank you for your presents; but there is no one now to care how I look. Seeing these things only makes me think of you and grieve the more.

"You say that you are prospering in your career at the capital, and I am comforted by that news. But it makes me fear you will never come back again to one who is so distant and so humble. But *that* is settled for ever, and it is no use talking of it.

"Since last autumn I have lived in a dazed stupor. Amid the clamour of the day-time I have sometimes forced myself to laugh and talk; but alone at night I have done nothing but weep. Or, if I have fallen asleep, my dreams have always been full of the sorrows of parting. Often I dreamt that you came to me as you used to do, but always before the moment of our joy your phantom vanished from my side.

"Yet, though we are still bedfellows in my dreams, when I wake and think of it, the time when we were together seems very far off. For since we parted the old year has slipped away and a new year has begun. . . .

"Ch'ang-an is a city of pleasure, where there are many

* A gay Court tune of the eighth century.

snares to catch a young man's heart. How can I hope that you will not forget one so sequestered and insignificant as I? And, indeed, if you were to be faithful, so worthless a creature could never requite you. But our vows of unending love—those *I* at least can fulfil.

"Because you are my cousin, I met you at the feast. Lured by a maidservant, I visited you in private. A girl's heart is not in her own keeping. You 'tempted me by your ballads,'* and I could not bring myself to 'throw the shuttle.'†

"Then came the sharing of pillow and mat, the time of perfect loyalty and deepest tenderness. And I, being young and foolish, thought it would never end.

"*Now*, having seen my Prince,'‡ I cannot love again; nor, branded by the shame of self-surrender, am I fit to perform 'the service of towel and comb';§ and of the bitterness of the long celibacy which awaits me, what need is there to speak?

"The good man uses his heart; and if by chance his gaze has fallen on the humble and insignificant—till the day of his death he continues the affections of his life.

"The cynic cares nothing for people's feelings. He will discard the small to follow the great, look upon a former mistress merely as an accomplice in sin, and hold that the most solemn vows are made only to be broken. He will reverse all natural laws, . . . as though Nature should suddenly let bone dissolve, while cinnabar resisted the fire.

"The dew that the wind has shaken from the tree still looks for kindness from the dust; and such, too, is the sum of *my* hopes and fears.

"As I write, I am shaken by sobs and cannot tell you all that is in my heart.

"My darling, I am sending you a jade ring, that I used to play with when I was a child. I want you to wear it at your girdle that you may become firm and flawless as this jade, and, in your affections, unbroken as the circuit of this ring.

* As Ssu-ma Hsiang-ju tempted Cho Wēn-chün, second century B.C.

† As the neighbour's daughter did at Hsieh Kun, fourth century A.D., as a sign that she rejected his advances.

‡ *Odes* i. 1., x. 2.

§ =become a bride.

"And with it I am sending a skein of thread and a tea-trough of flecked bamboo. There is no value in these few things. I send them only to remind you to keep your heart pure as jade and your affection unending as this round ring. The bamboo is mottled as if with tears, and the thread is tangled as the thoughts of those who are in sorrow. By these tokens I seek no more than that, knowing the truth, you may think kindly of me forever.

"Our hearts are very near, but our bodies are far apart. There is no time fixed for our meeting; yet a secret longing can unite souls that are separated by a thousand miles.

"Protect yourself against the cold spring wind, eat well —look after yourself in all ways and do not worry too much about your worthless handmaid, "TS'UI YING-YING."

Chang showed this letter to his friends and so the story became known to many who lived at that time. All who heard it were deeply moved; but Chang, to their disappointment, declared that he meant to break with Ts'ui. Yüan Chēn of Honan, who knew Chang well, asked him why he had made this decision.

Chang answered:

"I have observed that in Nature whatever has perfect beauty is either itself liable to sudden transformations or else is the cause of them in others. If Ts'ui were to marry a rich gentleman and become his pet, she would forever be changing, as the clouds change to rain, or the scaly dragon turns into the horned dragon. I, for one, could never keep pace with her transformations.

"Of old Hsin of the Yin dynasty and Yu of the Chou dynasty ruled over kingdoms of many thousand chariots, and their strength was very great. Yet a single woman brought them to ruin, dissipating their hosts and leading these monarchs to the assassin's knife. So that to this day they are a laughing-stock to all the world. I know that my constancy could not withstand such spells, and that is why I have curbed my passion." At these words all who were present sighed deeply.

A few years afterwards Ts'ui married someone else, and Chang also found a wife. Happening once to pass the house where Ts'ui was living, he called on her husband and asked to see her, saying he was her cousin. The husband sent for her, but she would not come.

Chang's vexation showed itself in his face. Someone told Ts'ui of this, and she secretly wrote the poem :—

"Since I have grown so lean, my face has lost its beauty.
I have tossed and turned so many times that I am too tired to leave my bed.
It is not that I mind the others seeing
How ugly I have grown;
It is *you* who have caused me to lose my beauty,
Yet it is *you* I am ashamed should see me!

Chang went away without meeting her, and a few days afterwards, when he was leaving the town, wrote a poem of final farewell, which said :—

"You cannot say that you are abandoned and deserted;
For you have found someone to love you.
Why do you not convert your broodings over the past
Into kindness to your present husband?"

After that they never heard of one another again.

Many of Chang's contemporaries praised the skill with which he extricated himself from this entanglement.

A New Reading of *Henry V.*

By Gerald Gould

None of Shakespeare's plays is so persistently and thoroughly misunderstood as *Henry V.*, and one is tempted to think that there is no play which it is more important to understand. Irony is an awkward weapon. No doubt the irony of *Henry V.* was meant to "take in" the groundlings when it was first produced: had it failed to take them in, it would have invited bitter and immediate unpopularity. But Shakespeare can scarcely have intended that the force of preconception should, hundreds of years after his death, still be preventing the careful, the learned, and the sympathetic from seeing what he so definitely put down. *The play is ironic:* that is, I venture to think, a fact susceptible of detailed proof. Yet we still find, for instance, Mr. J. A. R. Marriott taking it at its face value as an example of "patriotism"; while the critics who counter this error by a reminder of the more hideous "Prussianisms" with which Shakespeare has endowed his Henry fail to press the argument home, and are content with a sort of compromise reading.

That Shakespeare was a patriot there is neither reason nor excuse for denying. What must be denied is that *Henry V.* is patriotic. Precisely because Shakespeare *was* patriotic, he must have felt revolted by Henry's brutal and degrading "militarism." The question of how far Shakespeare's reading of Henry is historically accurate does not arise: Shakespeare chose Henry, as he chose Antony, to illustrate and enforce a certain reading of life. And he never allowed himself to be limited by his materials.

The misunderstandings of *Henry V.* have varied. Hazlitt was bitterly opposed to the conventional interpretation. He detested Henry, and said so: but he made the mistake of supposing that that detestable character was a "favourite" character of Shakespeare's. Dr. A. C. Bradley, as is his habit, has come nearest to the detection

and exposition of the essential: and to differ from Dr. Bradley on any point of Shakespearean criticism is an act of presumption which no one will venture lightly. Yet even he declares to be inconceivable that reading of *Henry V.* which is demonstrably the right one: and it is impossible, if one is wrong about *Henry V.*, to be altogether right about the rest of Shakespeare. *Henry V.* is central and conclusive, and that in spite of the fact that it is certainly not one of the best plays. It is central actually in time: and this in itself makes us mildly wonder why it is *not* one of the best plays. It happens to be one of the few whose date can be determined with certainty and precision. It belongs to 1599: that is to say, it comes between Shakespeare's greatest comic period, the period which saw the creation of Falstaff, and his greatest tragic period, the period which began with *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*. Is it not odd that work so circumstanced should be so largely lacking in indications of Shakespeare's tragic or comic greatness? Touches of greatness, certainly, there are: the death of Falstaff is in the high sense "Shakespearean." But for the most part the serious scenes are full of a loud clanging rhetoric, which lacks almost wholly the intensity and profundity of tragic poetry, and the humours are mainly crude and verbal. The play, both in its "serious" parts and in its comedy, is specially popular with schoolboys. Some of the more miserable jocosities are, it is true, borrowed from an old play: but that is neither excuse nor (to anyone who has studied Shakespeare's ways of using his materials) explanation. On the other hand, this particular argument must not be pushed too far. It is certain that the middle period of Shakespeare saw, at any rate, some other work of inferior character, and consequently we cannot pretend that the inferiority of *Henry V.* was necessarily intentional and "tendencious."

Again, if the examination of the play shows us—as it does—various discrepancies and contradictions, we must hesitate as to how far we press the argument from these. The contradictions in Shakespeare vary in kind. In the early plays they seem often to be nothing but the results of technical carelessness and incompetence. The contradictions of time in *Othello*, on the other hand, seem to be carefully inserted in order to secure the dramatic effect of

"double time," while, as against that, when we go on to *Lear*, we find confusions and discrepancies for which no critical scheme can account. The contradictions in *Henry V.*, then, must be judged on their own merits, and brought to one simple test: the test of whether they do or do not appear to follow a definite line, illustrate a definite tendency, and fix a definite character. If they do so appear, it will scarcely be fair to dismiss them as technical errors. Rather, we shall have to consider them as the means of Shakespeare's irony. *Henry V.* is a satire on monarchical government, on imperialism, on the baser kinds of "patriotism," and on war. This can be proved by quotation from the play itself, even if we consider the play itself in isolation. But we ought not to consider it in isolation. It is definitely the concluding portion of a trilogy. The character of Henry V. is perfectly consistent throughout: both in the two parts of *Henry IV.* and in *Henry V.* he puts forward consistent and convincing explanations of his apparent "wildness" and the change from that to his assumption of public dignity. His explanations differ only when they have different objects to subserve. He is the perfect hypocrite. Even in soliloquy he sometimes keeps up the pretences which he uses elsewhere to deceive his acquaintances or the public: the fact being that his pretences have penetrated to the subconscious deeps of his character. (It is instructve to compare the soliloquies of Iago, in which that supreme villain searches about in his consciousness, of course unsuccessfully, for motives which are not there at all—motives which ought rather to be sought in the subconscious "urge" of an unrealised moral jealousy.) Never once, throughout the three plays in which he figures, the trilogy of which he is the unifying centre, does Henry perform an act of spontaneous generosity or kindliness. When he displays magnanimity, as towards the Lord Chief Justice, it is always in order to reap some return in political advantage. His "magnanimity" to the Lord Chief Justice is in sharp, immediate, and intentional contrast to his rejection of Falstaff. There was nothing to be "got" by being magnanimous, or even fair, to Falstaff: quite the contrary. Octavius in *Antony and Cleopatra* displays a magnanimity similar to Henry's both in manner and in motive.

Shakespeare, in short, was constantly preoccupied with the contrast between cold successfulness and the generous infirmities of human nature. He recurred again and again to this theme. In such "militarism" as Henry's he saw an outstanding example of what cold successfulness means in the political and international sphere, and this impression was fortified by his reading of the characters of Henry's father and brother. In devoting the play of *Henry V.*, which is both a complete play in itself and the conclusion of a trilogy, to a satire on "militarism," he was providing a central and conclusive example of a constant theme. The case is threefold. If we read *Henry V.* as part of a trilogy through which runs what may be called the Bolingbroke *motif*, the view that it is a satire is immeasurably strengthened. If we read it in the light of Shakespeare's work as a whole, that view is strengthened still more. Yet that view, I repeat, is unmistakable in the play itself, even apart from the just and necessary illumination provided by its context. I advance a general theory, which may be acceptable or unacceptable, of Shakespearean interpretation. If the general theory is rejected, still the particular reading of *Henry V.* remains.

Shakespeare's main moral line of demarcation, then, was (like Christ's) between successful self-righteousness (which he hated) and erring loving humanity (which, however "gross and miserable" its error, he loved). This point has been suggested in so masterly a fashion by Dr. Bradley that I will not presume to labour it here: even Dr. Bradley, however, has missed some of its implications. Shakespeare loved Antony and hated Octavius. He sympathised with Shylock and hated Antonio. (It is remarkable that any actor in the part of Shylock, even if he fails to realise Shakespeare's intention and tries to render Shylock merely detestable, does yet, if he has any ability as an actor at all, draw the sympathy of the audience to the character he is enacting.) Shakespeare sympathised (in *Measure for Measure*) with Claudio, and hated Isabella. He hated her with such an extreme of bitterness that he married her off to the Duke—an end which surely is not, as Dr. Bradley thinks, an inexcusable aberration, but a logical and natural nemesis. That cold inhuman alliance with cold inhuman power is precisely the marriage that would have attracted—

and punished—Isabella. Ruskin may have been right in eulogising Isabella's "victorious truth and adamantine purity"; but truth and purity, without tenderness of heart, are not the whole of virtue, nor even that part of it which appealed most to Shakespeare. Incidentally, my reading of Isabella accords, as Dr. Bradley's makes no claim to do, with the whole extraordinary mood of the most extraordinary of Shakespeare's plays. Above all, Shakespeare loved Falstaff and hated Prince Hal (Henry V.). He hated not only Prince Hal, but also his father and his brother; the hereditary psychology of the family fascinated him. Prince John of Lancaster, fresh from the most dastardly treachery (*Henry IV.*, Part II., Act iv., sc. 2), meets Falstaff (sc. 3), and is summed up by him as "this same young sober-blooded boy," in the same speech in which Prince Hal's own natural cold blood is insisted upon—"the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father." It is true the whole speech, characteristically Falstaffian and absurd, is to prove that one Prince is valiant because he drinks "fertile sherris," the other not, because he does not: that, of course, is only Falstaff's way of proclaiming his affection for the one Prince and his distaste for the other. Here is pathos, too, for within a very little that greater warmth in Prince Hal (on which, for all his wilfully farcical explanation of it, Falstaff has seriously counted) is to be found lacking. The famous "rejection scene," if judged on its merits, bears but one interpretation. Falstaff takes with dignity his double rebuff, cruel, ungrateful, and cowardly as it is: our hearts go out to him, and turn away sickened from the prig Henry. Dr. Bradley, proceeding on the almost universal but quite unwarranted assumption that Henry *must* somehow be justified, is driven to suggest that Falstaff is meant at the end to be an object of aversion, and that, so far as he is the opposite, we have a dramatic failure: that Falstaff has, so to say, "run away" with his creator, and engaged our sympathies against that creator's intention. But what does this explanation amount to? What does it imply save that Falstaff has become real and human, has been objectified, has imposed himself on the universal imagination? And if this is failure, what could constitute success? When Dr. Bradley admits that Henry "would behave harshly to

Falstaff in order to impress the world"—that is, that Henry's motive is a base one—he has given away his case on this point. Surely, the rejection-scene is precisely what Shakespeare meant it to be. Its effect on us is precisely what Shakespeare intended. It is an unquestioned, an indubitable effect—why try to explain it away? There is indeed no "problem" of the rejection-scene at all. The scene is perfectly consistent with all Henry's preceding and succeeding actions. He does, as Dr. Bradley puts it, what he "would" do. What more is there to be said?

Dr. Bradley accepts (as did Maurice Morgann, that brilliant eighteenth century critic who was the first to understand and interpret the true comic character of Falstaff) the suggestion that Falstaff *meant* to defraud Shallow of his thousand pounds. On this point there can be no positive proof one way or the other. Morgann wrote: "We are not acquainted with the success of Falstaff's designs upon Shallow till the moment of his disgrace"; and again: "We may from hence very reasonably presume that Shakespeare meant to connect this fraud with the punishment of Falstaff as a more avowed ground of censure and dishonour." This may be an attractive theory, but it is *only* a theory. What actually happens in the play is that Falstaff borrows a thousand pounds from Justice Shallow on the understanding that he is to make him great under the new king: "Choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine." Fraud is well within the scope of Falstaff's character, and has indeed previously been practised on Shallow himself; but generosity and good humour are not less certainly among Falstaff's characteristics. To understand the saying with which he accepts his disappointment and fall—"Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound"—in any but the pathetic sense is to destroy the poignancy of the situation. Falstaff has met the rebuff of his life, the one that leaves his heart "fracted and corroborate"—the one blow too heavy for him to turn it aside with a jest. He cannot take it as a joke, so he takes it like a gentleman. Everything else—honour, reputation, veracity—he can discard with a laugh. He will neither fight nor keep faith "longer than he sees reason." The only thing in which he is serious is his love for Henry, and it is in that that he has been betrayed. He reveals the situation in words at once

courteous, dignified, and touching. In the one fact which he names is summed up all the rest which he cannot bear to speak of.

To come to *Henry V.* itself. It is about war. The King makes war—war which, whether it is justifiable or not, is admittedly not thrust upon him. In war lies the whole glory of the play and its hero, such as that glory is. We can scarcely, therefore, shut our eyes to the irony with which Shakespeare makes Henry declare (Act iv., sc. 1):

> "The slave, a member of the country's peace,
> Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
> What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace,
> Whose hours the peasant best advantages."

It may well be said here that the "peace" referred to is not international peace, but legal and domestic. Even so, the contrast is sufficiently striking, and none the less so if we accept the view that Henry's war-making can somehow be justified. But can it?

The actual words used in *Henry V.* about the French war are foreshadowed at the end of *Henry IV.* in the speech of Prince John of Lancaster (and as to Shakespeare's view of *his* cynicism there can be no doubt):

> "I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
> We bear our civil swords and native fire
> As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
> Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the King."

"Pleased the King"—that is the point. That forestalls all the arguments by which, in the early part of *Henry V.*, the justification of a war against France is urged. But even earlier there has been an indication of the militarist motive. In *Henry IV.*, Part II., Act iv., sc. 5, the dying Henry IV. says to his son, who is to succeed him:

> "Therefore, my Harry,
> Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
> With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
> May waste the memory of the former days."

The pleas of justification for the war, with which we are bound to begin any detailed examination of *Henry V.*, are open to two main criticisms. Even if they were convincing on their merits, they would prove only that the war was justified as a *dynastic* war. And are dynastic wars ever justified?—seeing that they cost the blood of the common people who have nothing to do with dynasties. To say this is not to import "modern" ideas into Shakespeare: the

point was fully appreciated, long before Shakespeare, by Sir Thomas More. So much, however, is conjecture: the sound and unanswerable criticism is that, even *as* a dynastic claim, Henry's claim to the French crown could be justified, as he indeed seeks to justify it, by his descent from Edward III. and by that only: and *since he was not descended in the eldest line, the claim had no shadow of justification.* He held the English throne by vote of Parliament; but even he could scarcely think that the English Parliament could vote him the French crown. Nor can it be said that we are here going outside Shakespeare to mere historical fact: Henry himself admits his position as a usurper's son (Act iv., sc. 1.):

> "Not to-day, O Lord,
> O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
> My father made in compassing the crown!"

All the Archbishop's talk about the "Salic law" (Act i., sc. 2) is utterly beside the point. Granted the refutation of the "Salic law," granted Edward III.'s claim, still the heir was not Henry but Mortimer. It is true that Shakespeare was not clear about the Mortimers. In *Henry IV.*, Part I., he appears to confuse two different ones, but there he does at least admit the position of the Mortimer line (Act i., sc. 3), though not on dynastic grounds. The only conceivable case against the hereditary claim of that Mortimer who was Earl of March would have been a denial of the power to inherit through a woman—a denial which is expressly repudiated (in fact, the repudiation is made the basis of the claim) in Henry's own claim to the throne of France!

It is Act i., sc. 1, which at once gives the game away. Two prelates are discussing how they may avert a threatened law for the disendowment of the Church:

> "If it pass against us,
> We lose the better half of our possession,"

says the Archbishop of Canterbury, and proposes to buy off the King by offering him an unprecedentedly large sum towards the expenses of a war with France—and *to explain to him*

> "The severals and unhidden passages
> Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
> And generally to the crown and seat of France."

The cynicism of this, in the forefront of the play, needs no elaboration—it is only amazing that it should ever have

been missed. Bear in mind that there is artistically, in dramatic construction, no reason or excuse whatever for this scene: unless its intention is the obvious cynical one, there is no intention at all. A later speech of Henry's own, again (Act i., sc. 2) admits of only one reading. He is explaining the wild courses of his youth, and advances an argument so obviously outrageous for a seriously patriotic play that one wonders even the "rabble" could swallow it:

"We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France."

If this is not a plain statement that the war with France was intended from long before, it is (to say nothing of the quaint "patriotism" of the first line!) utterly meaningless. Then what are we to say of the hypocrisy which seeks to put the decision upon the Archbishop of Canterbury? Henry cannot have it both ways within three hundred lines. The Archbishop is adjured:

"And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed. . . ."

Then follows the Archbishop's exposition of the Salic law—an exposition which is, in any case, as we have seen, wholly irrelevant and certainly known to be insincere. Later, different suggestions of motives are allowed to peep out—not, we must suppose, without deliberate intention of contrast. Thus Ely urges:

". . . my thrice puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises."

And Exeter:

"Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood."

Henry's tendency, indulged already at great length, to

deplore the waste of innocent blood in war, does not here move him to rebuke these "militarist" incitements! Is there, again, no hint of irony in the Prologue to Act ii.?

> "Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
> Reigns solely in the breast of every man."

Perhaps not. But can a king who has so recently been unsure of his own claim be credited with sincerity when he tries to put on those who resist it the whole blame of the war? Yet Henry's emissary, Exeter, speaking to the French king (Act ii., sc. 4), thus defines his master's attitude:

> "... he ...
> ... bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
> Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
> On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
> Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
> Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
> The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
> For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
> That shall be swallow'd in this controversy."

It is important to notice the extraordinary accumulation and contradiction of motives with which the whole question of the war's origin is confused. In the negotiation scene (Act ii., sc. 4) the Dauphin's earlier and provocative message is admitted by implication to be a mere side-issue. Now this message of the Dauphin's was in answer to a demand of Henry's, not indeed for the crown of France, but for "some certain dukedoms": and *those* were claimed "in the right of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third." That claim was made, then, long before the King had received the Archbishop of Canterbury's decision about the Salic law and the right of succession—and yet the Archbishop makes no distinction between the two claims when (Act i., sc. 1) he speaks of Henry's

> "... true titles to some certain dukedoms,
> And generally to the crown and seat of France,
> Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather."

Besides, before the war irretrievably begins, the French King relents from the Dauphin's attitude, and fruitlessly offers Henry his daughter's hand and what the Prologue to Act iii. describes as

> "Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms."

Confusion on confusion! Leaving aside the fact that Henry had no claim to the French crown at all, and judging

only the English case as presented by the English in the play, what do we find? The claim to certain dukedoms is identical with the claim to the whole French Kingdom: both depend on the inheritance from Edward: yet the former claim is put forward irrespective of the latter, and is refused by the Dauphin. The Dauphin's refusal is made the occasion of violent threats against the French people—threats which are later in a slightly different form repeated to the French King as the penalty of refusing the *second* claim, not the first. Indeed, as has been said, the French King is willing to depart from the Dauphin's attitude and to compromise: but it is too late. Why, since the Dauphin's insult is admitted to be irrelevant? Because the Archbishop has decided that Henry has a claim, not merely to the dukedoms which he *had* claimed, but to the Kingdom of France. But Henry had previously intended to conquer the Kingdom of France anyway: the whole course of his youth is explained by that single intention. Yet the responsibility of his enterprise is to rest, firstly, on the Archbishop, who gives Henry the advice which he has already acted on before receiving it, and secondly on the King of France, who refuses a claim about which Henry himself has been extremely doubtful. War is a glorious thing, irrespective of its cause or object—a "mighty enterprise" in which a King is expected to engage; yet it is so inglorious that the responsibility of embarking on it has, at all costs of veracity and common sense, to be "shelved." It diverts men's minds from difficulties at home, and requires and receives the blessings of the Church! One can, of course, if one chooses, attribute all this wildness of contradiction and nonsense to carelessness or incompetence on Shakespeare's part. But to do so is an extreme step, in face of the satisfying completeness with which every contradiction, every absurdity, fits in with the further insincerities of Henry's character to make of that character a comprehensive and comprehensible whole.

The second main indictment against Henry is his unscrupulous brutality. This is so clear, so insistent, that it can be neither missed nor explained away. Commentators have sometimes taken the discreet course of ignoring it. It should, alone, be sufficient to silence the suggestion that we are meant to admire Henry. But it does not stand alone.

It is inextricably mingled with the old hypocrisy, the continual confusion of motive. In Act iv., sc. 6 every soldier is ordered to kill his prisoners, merely as a precautionary measure ("Give the word through"); yet in the next scene we find, first, that this measure *has* been adopted for quite a different reason, and, secondly, that the threat of such a measure (had the word not been "given through"?) is to be used in negotiation, and that as a preface to it Henry says:

> "I was not angry since I came to France
> Until this instant."

Unfortunately, the anger of such cold-blooded worldlings can be produced to order, like their magnanimity, when "profits will accrue." One wonders how, if not by anger, Henry can have excused his previous ravings, almost incredible in their mingled brutality and hypocrisy, before Harfleur:

> ". . . as I am a soldier,
> A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
> If I begin the battery once again,
> I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
> Till in her ashes she lie buried.
> The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
> And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
> In liberty of bloody hand shall range
> With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
> Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
> What is it then to me, if impious war,
> Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
> Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
> Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
> What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
> If your pure maidens fall into the hand
> Or hot and forcing violation?
> . . . . . .
> Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
> Take pity of your town and of your people
> Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command.
> . . . . . .
> If not, why, in a moment look to see
> The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
> Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
> Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
> And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
> Your naked infants spitted upon pikes. . . ."

Is it seriously maintained that Shakespeare means us to admire Henry *here?*

The scene in which the King, disguised, talks with the soldiers is very much to my purpose: it is too famous to

bear much quotation, but I may point out how completely and deliberately Henry confuses the issue. Bates and Williams argue that there is heavy responsibility on the King "*if the cause be not good,*" and that they, having no choice but to obey, do not know whether the cause is good or not. Williams says:

> "I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument?"

to which Henry replies with an irrelevant and hypocritical discourse on the sins that may have been committed *before* the war. What do those who take Henry seriously as a patriot argue here? Do they suggest Shakespeare was so obtuse as not to know when he was making one of his characters argue dishonestly? Follows the famous speech on Kingship, closely parallel to a similar outbreak, in a previous play, of the arch-humbug, Henry IV., who there deplored the crown which he had won by such ill means. The ground on which, in the present scene, Henry defends war reveals the very grotesqueness of insincerity, especially when contrasted with his own previous expatiation on its horrors. Consider this:

> "Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained."

The inglorious and "profiteering" side of war is hit off in two lines delivered by Pistol in Act ii., sc. 1:

> ". . . for I shall sutler be
> Unto the camp, and profits will accrue."

So later, on the death of Falstaff, Pistol says:

> "Yoke fellows in arms,
> Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
> To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!"

Nor, when in Act iv., sc. 4, we find Bardolph and Nym hanged for stealing, can we forbear the reflection that they have only done on a small scale what Henry has done on a large.

The part played by Fluellen as ironic commentator is highly significant. He is unimpressed by Henry's characteristic comment after victory (Act iv., sc. 8):

> "O God, thy arm was here;
> And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
> Ascribe we all!"

—with which we may profitably compare Prince John's

epilogue to his own successful but contemptible treachery in *Henry IV.*, Part II., Act iv., sc. 2 :

"God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day."

When Fluellen asks :

"Is it not lawful, an't please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?"

the King replies :

"Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us."

Is there anyone who will contend that Fluellen's rejoinder—"Yes, my conscience, he did us great good"—is not ironic? Nor is the same note hard to discern in his reference to Falstaff :

"As Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great-belly doublet."

About Fluellen, however, opinions may easily vary. They cannot easily vary about the treatment of Falstaff. Our reading of the rejection-scene is more than confirmed by *Henry V.* The two scenes, Act ii., sc. 2 and 3, are in this connection decisive. They comprise the unmasking of the treachery of Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, *with enormous stress laid on the sin of ingratitude towards a former comrade*—and the death of Falstaff, the victim of *the King's ingratitude towards a former comrade.* The irony of the contrast is unmistakable—it is indeed "laid on almost too thick." The whole character of Henry "pivots," as it were, on his relation to Falstaff. It is the familiar antithesis—cold success and sinful humanity—which runs through the whole trilogy and through the whole of Shakespeare. It runs through the play of *Henry V.* like a rhythm. "Nay," says Exeter, speaking, not of the King's treachery towards Falstaff, but of a conspirator towards the King :

"Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours. . . ."

The King thanks God for having graciously intervened on his behalf—and it is then that we go on to the famous and touching scene in which Falstaff's death is described. Those whom the fat knight has wronged stay by him : only the King has proved a false friend. It is Shakespeare's final moral judgment.

My Last Day in the Army

By R. M. Anthony

I WAS invalided home to England a few days before Christmas last, and immediately started the great business of getting demobilised. I had gathered from a "reliable source" that students were to be released at once, in time to get back to their studies for the next term. In March, however, I was still in the Army, despite the filling up of five different kinds of forms in duplicate, much waiting, and three interviews at the Ministry of Labour. To make matters worse, my battalion was moved about this time, to take its place in the Army of Occupation in Ireland.

After a dismal fortnight on the Curragh, the battalion was turned into Dublin on March 20 to strengthen the garrison of the capital against possible disturbances on the part of the "rebels." St. Patrick's Day and the reception of the Countess Markievitz, M.P., had passed off quietly enough; but the Army authorities were hoping against hope for a "bit of a scrap," for which the arrival of De Valera might be the occasion.

The Sinn Fein leader was due to land in Ireland from no one knew where on Wednesday, March 25. About the 21st the Sinn Fein authorities issued a proclamation to the effect that the "President" would be officially welcomed at 6 p.m. on that day by the Lord Mayor of Dublin at the *gates of the city*. This challenge was gleefully taken up by Authority, and forthwith the reception was unconditionally forbidden. The Sinn Fein reply was complete submission—acting on the advice of De Valera himself, no official welcome would be given him. The Sinn Fein leader had, as a matter of fact, been in Dublin for some days making the arrangements for his own welcome. This was a fairly well-known fact in the city.

Notwithstanding this complete submission of the enemy, however, the Army went on with its warlike preparations against the day. Cavalry and infantry

regiments were brought in to overflow the barracks. Great numbers of aeroplanes patrolled over the city—twenty-five were counted in the air at one time—tanks and armoured cars perambulated in and out of the chief thoroughfares. The citizens were not as overawed as they should have been—merely mildly interested and a little derisive. "Shure, them's the little beggars as 'll be knocking holes in you to-morrow," I heard one old woman say smilingly to another as a large tank ambled past.

The morning of the 26th found the Army (or my particular section of it) cheery and expectant. Several of the officers and some of the N.C.O.'s were keenly looking forward to a lively little battle before the day was out; the least sign of hostility on the part of the damned Sinn Feiners was going to be the excuse for machine-gun fire. The Colonel, in a speech to the battalion before we left England, had told us to "treat every damned Irishman as an enemy." Detailed orders for the scheme of operations had been issued the day before: every company knew its post, bombers and machine-gunners had been detailed off for their jobs.

Now comes in the real delicate humour of the situation. The proclamation had expressly stated that De Valera would be met at the gates of the city. As everyone knows, Dublin has no pretensions to such useful adornments. Apparently this is a well-known Dublin formula which is used on all such occasions. To meet the emergency, an imitation gate, constructed of cardboard and wood and placed on wheels, is kept ready to be moved to any part of the city selected as the site of the reception, on any particular occasion. By this means the dignity of the city is maintained, and at the same time undue crowding of the streets is avoided; for the people are not informed as to the locality until the ceremony has taken place, and the curious are forced to go rushing about seeking the whereabouts of the "gates."

On this occasion the scheme would have the additional advantage of hampering the movements of the Army of Occupation, for they were determined to be on the spot in case anything in the least like a demonstration should take place, and yet, of course, were not in the know as to the intended locality of the "city gates" on this occasion.

Thus the situation was slightly ridiculous. Companies were detailed off to occupy all the chief tactical positions of the city, in the hope that one might prove to be the selected "site." Our destination was Amiens Street Railway Station. Equipped with "fighting order," shrapnel helmets, gas helmets "at the alert," rifles, bayonets, and fifty rounds of ammunition per man—the officers with revolvers—we set off early in the morning, and, marching through the centre of the city, reached our goal without molestation. The streets were completely normal, though some natural amusement was caused by our extremely ferocious appearance. On our arrival, pickets and sentries were posted at the station exits and entrances, and the remainder of the company, which was to form a "mobile reserve," was disposed in some empty railway carriages on a siding.

The morning and afternoon passed absolutely without incident, beyond a personal one to myself. Having quartered my platoon, I noticed a coach of empty first-class carriages on a further siding, and immediately established myself in one of these; assuming an attitude of repose, I fell asleep. Some hours later I was rudely awakened by a porter, who informed me that, as the coach was now part of a train which was due to leave for (I think) Belfast in two minutes, I had better alight. This I did, much to the chagrin of some of the men, who, having seen me enter my retreat, had been enjoying the prospect of seeing one of their officers whisked off in an express train.

About half-past five, whilst enjoying my second refreshment-room tea, I received word over the 'phone that I was to report back to barracks immediately "for procedure to a Dispersal Centre." My captain was rather dubious as to the wisdom of letting me run the gauntlet of the streets alone, and was thinking of detailing an armed party to accompany me. However, I was somewhat naturally in a hurry, and slipped away, quaking with fear and sick with disappointment.

The reception of De Valera had been fixed for six o'clock, so now if at all there should have been signs of excitement. I walked right through most of the central parts of the city before I could pick up a conveyance, and, though the streets in the neighbourhood of Sackville Street were densely crowded with people obviously simply waiting

about for something to happen, I had no unpleasant experience. True, a few boys jostled me and made a few jeering remarks, probably justified; there were practically no other representatives of the British Army to be seen, and amongst the sober, peaceful crowd of civilians I must have presented a somewhat ridiculous appearance—with "fighting order" all complete.

I reached barracks in a jaunting-car, with the driver of which I had carried on an animated conversation in which neither of us caught a word the other was saying, but each spoke politely and in turn; packed hurriedly, said my "good-byes" without reluctance, and then departed on the first stage of my journey to the Crystal Palace. So ended my last day as a soldier—until the next "war to end war."

Bagdad, Paris, Mesopotamia, Ltd.

By Austin Harrison

WHETHER the enemy sign or not, whether even the Senate refuse ratification of the dual Treaty or not, no matter in the one case how brilliant the peace celebrations, or in the other how appalling the misery and chaos caused by an extensive occupation of Central Europe, peace there cannot be on the basis of the Paris design, and the only course open to Europe must be the fight or movement of progress centred round the League of Nations, which is certain to engage mankind for many a year. Paris failed for five main reasons. First, because the Powers allowed themselves to sit in Paris, in the heart of the spirit of vengeance. Secondly, because all went to Paris fast-bound by secret treaties, which their respective peoples knew nothing about. Thirdly, because the spirit of hatred, fear, and revenge was too actual to permit so soon of change or right perspective. Fourthly, because the European politicians feared the League of Nations, and had not grasped the historic meaning of the war or of their task. Lastly, because, to strengthen his hand, our Prime Minister thrust upon the country an impromptu victory election minus the vote of the soldiers, thereby securing an ebullition mandate of extremism which forced him to align himself with the vindictiveness of France instead of with the statesmanship of President Wilson. Finally, the President failed because he went to Paris without a charter of principle, and in abandoning his "open covenants" opened the door to the old secret diplomacy.

What we have, then, is not a democrat's peace, not even a diplomat's peace, still less a soldier's peace. The Treaty is the work of the financier. It is the first genuine capitalist peace in history, and all its penalisations are economic. No doubt the fear of Bolshevism intensified this reaction, but

the fact remains, the Treaty is the culture of capitalism, striking at the principle of economic opportunity, and in this essential and destructive sense it is anti-democratic, root and branch. What Cromwell aimed at was Protestantism. Pitt, Castlereagh, and all subsequent statesmen thought only in adjustments of power values. At Paris they have thought commercially, and the Covenant represents the prospectus of the joint limited company which, in control of the seas and of 70 per cent. of the raw materials of the world, will, it is hoped, secure the peace of Europe primarily at the pit of the stomach, eventually by the laws of supply and demand in conditions of economic disproportion. No man who has ever read history can view with equanimity this economic design of the Treaty, because its determining basis is economic slavery, which is not only in principle at variance with all social, ethical, and economic progress, but in practice inapplicable in an age which, *pace* the "Three Musketeers" of Paris, is not feudal but economic, is not democratic but plutocratic; is therefore *in its whole economic incidence international*, both as regards mechanism and function. This is really the offence and error of Paris. The Treaty enslaves, therefore it degrades the victor, and this is the moral error; and at the same time it seeks to nationalise or constrict credit—which is contrary to the law of its mechanism, the functional equation of which is opportunity. In this basic point, therefore, the Treaty violates the foundations of the capitalist system and morally condemns that system. It has sought to set up practically a world trust, degrading alike victor and vanquished, because founded upon the challenge of disequality and economic disqualification. Now this means the accentuation of disparity, bondage, wage inequality. Instead of an equation, Paris thus proclaims class servitude. It cuts an artery of humanity. It enthrones capital as God. It declares war necessarily against all democracy.

It is this degradation of the spirit of Man—I do not mean his spirituality, but his natural creative sense—which must sooner or later bring down the evil work of Paris, saved as it is only from ridicule on the root economic facts

by the Covenant which, if almost illiterate in its ambiguity, seeks a buffer balance of reason and correction. As it stands, the position is this. The wreckers hold to the Treaty, the creators stand by the Covenant. Each side imagines the one dominates the other. The Musketeers think the Treaty can indefinitely invalidate the Covenant, the Covenanters reckon that the League, when formed, can rectify the Treaty, and so both have squared on the compromise. But this is loose thinking. Geneva cannot fight Paris. The Covenant has no life, for it lacks all democratic sanction. It is just a piece of paper, a pious attestation. Yet of what? That too no man knows. The Treaty, on the other hand, is reality. It controls physically and economically. It removes the centre of gravity of Europe to London, who refers it to New York, whence it returns as one central trust by way of the Monroe doctrine. What does it do? Simply this. It places Europe in the cage of capitalism, in control of the seas and the raw materials of the world. It says to the democracies and to the workers of the world: "Your destinies are ours. You, the enemy, work to pay. You others must be conscripted to enforce the slave-labour. We Ltd. so desire it. Now—to your chains." But this is servitude? It is. It means that we are at the end of an epoch, yet fear to take the testings of the new epoch. We have lost our balance—that is all. And, in truth, that is all. The Treaty is consequently merely the wind-up of an epoch.

Instead of the death it seeks to celebrate, it will prove the harbinger of life. Must so prove. For life is balance. Remove it and life becomes strife. But that again is life. And that is the point we have arrived at—the *post-mortem* vacuum of the great war. We enter then upon strife. That is, we begin again to live.

Now life is hope, and the pattern of hope is inducement. True, a nation can be perfectly happy though poor, as a man may be, but an industrialised nation cannot become an agricultural one on the *same* basis of population, which is the condition to which the Treaty reduces both Germans and Austrians. What Paris does is to devitalise some 90,000,000 people, to impoverish them artificially, to reduce them to the slaves of the economic

system which they no longer can control or even benefit by. But to hold this subtle form of wage slavery the controllers must themselves be slaves, slaves of the military system. Thus the two systems fuse and become identical. To make slaves, men must be slaves. The instrument of capitalism is thus militarism. We come to a polarity. The Germans become our wage slaves, we become militarists. And it is the only way. Mitigation dissolves. Lessen the control, and at once the ancillary slavery weakens, thereby promoting life or energy, ambition, and similarly by repercussion weakening the spirit of slavery among those who would enforce it. The truth is this anti-Christian, this un-English, ungentlemanly declaration of the rights of slavery cannot be upheld, nay, *dare not be attempted* for any period exceeding a purely penal formula, for this is not the age for such an experiment. Its psychology is wrong. The spirit of Man, like capital, is international. To enthrone mechanism over man is to rule out humanity, to refuse spirit. This is enslavement. It cannot be. Systems can absorb Churches, as history has shown, Princes, even nationality, but no system can dominate indefinitely over man, and in this attempt to syndicate the world's trading system on a basis of class servitude Paris has announced its bankruptcy. The workers of the world are moving upwards. The gaolers will in the end free the captives.

The more the secret history of Paris leaks out the truer we can realise the perspective of an epoch now clearly moribund. There is no policy, no objective. Towards Russia the Allies in turn display vacillation, doubt, and perplexity varied by hurried overnight campaigns of support, now of this group of anti-revolutionaries, now of that, assisted by the plutocratic instrument of "sanction," the Press banjo of the lie. Thus Koltchak, who is a Tsarist. He is to be in Moscow in a month, etc. We are to be in Petrograd. The whole thing is a lie. There is no attempt even to understand the Russian revolution, to understand its social significance. Now Mr. Lloyd George has a whack, now the President makes an effort, but Paris always wins, because Paris alone knows what it wants and means to get it. And what is the Paris objective? Simply the

satisfaction of revenge. We can test that in a hundred ways. Take the really staggering moral rebuff to the inventors of the League of Nations contained in the refusal of the Neutrals to connive at an intensified Blockade. Take this revelation, the polite refusal of Denmark even to consent to a plebiscite of the southern portion of Schleswig on account of its German population in the face of the collective wisdom of the Conference which tried to make Denmark tear away that territory from Germany. Consider for a moment the insincerity of Arab "self-determination," whereas in the secret treaty we had assigned Syria to France, and France annexes Morocco, while we swallow Egypt, Mesopotamia, Palestine, and Italy takes her bit, and Greece takes another, leaving to the Arabs but the "Arabian Nights" as a mandatory! And who is to have Constantinople? The plum. The famous Greek E. Church, the waterway to Baku, where the oil is, that delightful villeggiatura on the Bosphorus? And Oh, the Golden Horn!

Shall a British, a French, an American, or an Anglicised-Greek Morgenthaler possess, under syndical rights, *bien entendu*, that beautiful spot, that strategic key, that religious morsel? The League has not vouchsafed its wisdom yet, it is still deliberating. In truth it is a spicy bit. Nard and naphtha, oil, dates, carpets, camels, "Turkish delight" —what a prize! The gate of the East! For a century we and Russia nearly fought about it. And now it is ours—for a euphemism. An admirable place for retired Bishops. Protestantism redivivus! Come now, surely we are not going to let the French have everything! Cannot Mr. George be imperial for once in a way and fit us up with Constantinople? We shall need it by way of compensation for Ireland. Russia may want it if we don't. It completes our girdle of bases. I question whether we shall be safe without that key—near Troy, too, near Hecuba, and the dancing dervishes would earn good money in the electric theatre. As for Broussa, where the Sultans are buried, it is the very spot for a honeymoon. We must get something out of Paris—beyond conscription. It is not too late. To-day, Turkey is the eunuch. We need a Protectorate Turkey. The Germans always said we coveted the Bagdad

railway. So we do. Let us then send a Bishop to anoint St. Sophia on a League of Nations battleship.

We used to sing, "We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money too." To-day, "We've got Europe, we've got the East, we've got the League of Nations too." We can go tiger-hunting where we please, except perhaps in China, which we shall have to assign to the Japanese as a sop or mandatory. There is not much left. So put the Caliph in the Covenant and let us have Constantinople before America has a Republican President who may desire it. In a few years we shall have to raise a monument to the Kaiser for presenting us with so happy a League.

So reasons the 80 per cent. man in the delirium of the hour, whose blindness politicians reflect. Alas! this joyous finality cannot be. Seven million of the world's young men cannot have died for a mere trans-valuation, for a demise and a counter-celebration, and not all the joy-bells of Jerusalem can deafen the cries of humanity straining at the leash of its system. Our opportunity none the less is unique, and were we to generalise and apply the principle, great and even wonderful might be the results. Yet only on that condition. For what we are dealing with is Man, whether Hun, Slav, infidel, or colour, and finally the definition of a nation is spirit. Thus Constantinople may become the garden of the Bishop of London, but the Turk will not be his property. The Cross will provoke the Crescent, as the syndicate provokes the syndicalist, as all discrepancy makes for dissension. If the line of cleavage is to be the vertical power system, the greater will become the horizontal opposition. Man is greater than men. A League which merely documented a grouping of control, however powerful economically, would ignore nationality and internationalism—in a word the whole spirit of man in the modern world, and it would die of spiritual inanition. Only by applied opportunity can such a League succeed or hope to be constructive. If it federates it can cement; if it satisfies the spirit it can rule. Yet only so. All other doctrine must fail, for all such mechanism must imply servility, which again must lead to liberation. All Empires have collapsed through that falsity. All force

dies from within. Thus Russia and eventually Germany—the spirit was artificial. The moment the machine ceased to function disintegration ensued; the will was subversive. And that will be the danger of the League of Capital. It will be over-watered. Fruition will be partial, almost absurdly disproportionate. The captive will become the equation of his bailiff and finally his redeemer. The Joint Stock Company, Limited, of the World will be pricked by its own shareholders.

A little morality is necessary, but the Treaty gives us none. Its very author, Lord Robert Cecil, admits it, calls to the democracies to "give it life." We can almost laugh. After seven months that is all—a lifeless scroll so recognised by its framers. But Lord Robert need not be alarmed. Democracy will give it life, because democracy alone can give it sanction. But since man cannot give life to a dead thing, as Lord Robert should surely know, there remains but one alternative, which is to create a new thing which is alive: in other words, to begin again. Now this assuredly is what will happen to the blessed League of Mesopotamia —and Co., Ltd. For the Treaty means chaos; it will be found inapplicable. Then this League will try to function and presently the League will discover that it is tied up, impotent, a mere foolish formula. As chaos deepens, friction will start counter-friction, mind will return; eventually a true League will be fashioned, and when that is formed the Treaty will be automatically anachronised. And then? Then we shall begin. In the meanwhile we shall have negation, and we shall have it just so long as we are content with the old men to capitalise the dark ages instead of moving with youth into the order of co-operation. If America throws out the Covenant, chaos will be immediate. Perhaps that will be the quickest way out of the mediæval three-volume novel compiled by three gentlemen in Paris, overawed by an arquebus of the period of Louis XIV. into aspiring to give literary form to sublimated and perpetual hate.

The New Military Groupings

Secret Covenants Secretly Arrived at

By Austin Harrison

THOUGH the terms of peace dictated to Austria have been treated by the "semi-official" Press, as we now have it, of this country as quite immaterial, and studious attemps have been made to prevent the public from understanding the consequences of the stupendous dislocations, political, social, and economic, which will be caused in Europe by the arbitrary recasting of Europe's national economy—for the maintenance of which, and especially of Austria, a hundred years ago Pitt and Castlereagh fought Napoleon so strenuously—the Austrian conditions are even more astonishing than the terms imposed upon Germany, not only because they are just as punitive and vindictive, but because they reduce the whole of the President's Fourteen Points and the spirit of the so-called Covenant to a negation. They obliterate the Covenant. They show that no principles have actuated the re-mapping of Eastern Europe save the purely military policy of setting up a barrier as between Germany and Russia on the precise lines of the Napoleonic political strategy at Tilsit, with the additional mechanism of economic or industrial destruction, which, of course, in the non-capitalistic age of the Corsican, was not feasible. The Austrian terms literally destroy a people and set up a variation of the former Austrian Empire with all the old anomalies and inconsistencies in a new *military* grouping under the political control, because under the financial control, of the Alliance which proposes to style itself a League of Nations, itself under the ægis of America.*

The Austrian section of the Treaty is really of *immense*

* The homiletic discourse introducing the Allied reply to the German reply loses all moral force through the terms to Austria, since we are doing to her precisely what we accuse the Germans of attempting to do to us.

importance, for all political stability will depend upon the map of mid-Eastern Europe, which at Paris it has been decided to re-draw contrary to the whole spirit of the age; contrary to economic law; in flagrant violation of the nation's honour pledged in the name of the Prime Minister to make peace on the constructive basis of the President's Fourteen Points. As I do not belong to the semi-official or "stunt" Press of our new bureaucracy, am not, that is, suborned to write at the order of any proprietor or shareholder in search of a title or a bit of affix, I shall set down here the meaning of the Austrian Treaty as it affects European policy and the economic position, which latter, it should always be borne in mind, to-day controls; and at this moment controls absolutely owing to the terrible food shortage in all parts of Europe shut off by the Blockade from the seas.

In the first place, we have the outrageous farce of a Treaty which is to be dictated for acceptance within a specified time so incomplete as to omit five such main clauses as (1) political questions with Italy, (2) finance, (3) reparations, (4) the Army, (5) political questions affecting the new Serb-Croat-Slovene Empire which is to be established on the crown of Italy as a convenient hammer in the balance of power. After six months, that is, the three gentlemen who have set out in absolute secrecy to control and condition the world can so little agree on basic points that they "chuck" Austria a few clauses with the prefatory remark of "take it or leave it: the rest will follow some day. somehow." And that is clearly all that the three gentlemen have been able to do. Statesmanship has never sunk lower. That fact alone reveals in a flash the weakness not only of Paris, but of the foundations our three masters aspire "somehow and some day" to project.

To pass on. Austria, like Germany, is to possess neither an Army nor a Navy, but, as if to signalise the insincerity of the principle at issue, the "Big Three" capitulated at the bidding of the little Powers who are to form the buffer State on the question of disarmament—the little ones wanting armies, which we shall have to pay for, and the French, too, opposing disarmament because France in that case would also have to disarm, which obviously, if Europe is to be recast on physical force lines, might not

be politic industrially. Austria then is to be defenceless, while Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, Croats, and Slovenes arm themselves at our expense—to keep the peace.

Coming to the territorial clauses, we find that the "House of Austria" ceases to exist, but that is of slight consequence. What matters is the manner of her dying. First she forfeits all rights anywhere and everywhere abroad; all shipping, all contracts, concessions, property, investments, etc.; and then she is economically "wiped out." Politically, she is to be reduced to a petty State of 6,000,000 people; cut off from sea-ports, ringed in by the new hostile groups, losing in the process some 4,000,000 German-Austrians who are to be subjected to hostile foreign dominations. Thus the Czecho-Slovaks, as if by way of retaliation, are in turn to rule over the German-Austrians in Bohemia and Moravia, in Silesia, and in the regions of the Böhmerwald, New Bistritz, and Zuaimer (the reasons for this will be explained later). Further, Austria is not to recognise Germany. The Tyrolese are to go to Italy——chattels! Similarly, Hungary is to be eviscerated. Instead of Austria controlling Czechs, the Czechs are to control Austrians and Hungarians. "Divide and govern," the ancient device of Austria, has been turned against her, that is all. A Greater Balkan imbroglio is to be created as the preliminary start of the League of Nations. Diplomatically, this means the resurrection of Metternich. The cynic may well sneer at the League of Nations. For observe. It was *we* who paid the Prussians to annex Poland a hundred odd years ago. It was Mr. Balfour who at the Treaty of Berlin with Lord Salisbury handed over Bosnia to Austria; now he hands it over to another group. It was *we* who under Disraeli maintained Turkey in Europe, thus causing the Balkan imbroglio and all the wars that have since originated from that political "Christianity." Now, under Mr. Lloyd George, the policy is to be reversed and Europe is to try another hotch-potch of racial and religious entanglement, this time under League of Nations sanctity.

Now why? Why this catastrophic dismembership of race? What is the underlying motive?

The answer is economics. When the President

changed his principle in 1918 and determined to blot out Austria-Hungary, he obviously was not cognisant of the economic facts conditioning the new groupings, the object of which is political or military. And so at Paris, when facts in place of words had to be met, principles had to go by the board. Czecho-Slovakia was not an economic unit without the seizure of the raw materials, the railway junctions, the sugar refineries of Austria, without the coal of Teschen. Nor was Poland without the sea, without the iron ore and zinc of Silesia, and so in both cases race, religion, tradition and nationality were thrown over to create the artificial economic units needed for the Tilsit military design of Paris.

Now this is important because it strikes at the root principles of life and of the war to "make the world safe for democracy." Its importance to us is this. We alone can maintain these new groupings physically and financially—we therefore are godfathers and God of new Europe. The buffer State thus implies militarism here inevitably; means the maintenance of a vast force ready for action; means that Eastern Europe is politically to be henceforth a British national interest; means that *we* are to politicise or police Europe from the Baltic to the Adriatic indefinitely.

To Austria proper, such as it will be, the conditions imply economic servitude, for not only is Austria to lose her raw materials, thereby reducing her to a purely agricultural country, but she is to forfeit the *major part of her wealth* to the new creations, who, while freed from all former or actual indebtedness to Austria, are to impound all wealth financially transferable situated in the new geographical demarcations. Vienna, with a population of 2,000,000, will thus in a few years be a howling wilderness of decay and waste. And more. If Austria cannot industrially produce, she cannot export; that is to say, she cannot pay for the necessary food imports—she has hitherto been absolutely dependent for food on importation. Austria is thus pauperised, commercially destroyed, and absolute economic collapse stares her in the face. There is no disputing this. She is reduced to the absolute minimum of life support, for Vienna cannot become a potato field and she will have no coal with which to start her industries and no money and no credit to purchase raw materials. In a

word, Austria passes out of history. A new Austria is to be created out of the spoils in the "buffer" State militarily set up to the left against Germany, to the right against Russia.

No wonder our "titled" Press pass over the conditions. No wonder so many of the Americans at Paris have resigned. No wonder Mr. Maynard Keynes, our financial adviser, left Paris "indisposed"! The national economy of Austria is no more.

And even the "blue Danube": Austria is to be deprived of the Danube. Napoleon's Confederation of the Rhine is to be established in the new Confederation of the Danube under the supervision of Britain, France, Italy, and Roumania only, and it is to be policed in the economic interest of the victorious Powers. Below Ulm, the Danube is to be internationalised. In short, Austria loses all rights over her railways and her river, in the air and on the seas, with the almost comic reservation in the circumstances that she is to have transport access to the Adriatic under the protection (?) of her former enemies, the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs, who will also among themselves have a fierce point of dispute over Fiume and other desirable areas.

No peace has ever been made in history on such lines of slavery. It is Tilsit plus capitalist cupidity. It deprives the Austrians of opportunity, of commercial foundations, of national economy. It is a peace of balance of power, destitute of all principle or morality. It deliberately sets up a diseased economic state in Europe for the purpose of erecting a military line across Europe, in itself not economically healthy, as part of the military policy of France, which *Britain is to guarantee* and largely finance. Thus we pledge ourselves to fight in Eastern Europe for slavery and denationalisation to satisfy the imperialism and fear of French politicians, whose second we are to become. We are to be the constable of all Europe from the Rhine to the Urals, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, and our money is to finance the new mosaic of Peoples, the new "House of Austria," which the pigmy politicians at Paris would have us imagine will secure the peace of the world against 90,000,000 Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians, and the 100,000,000 and more of Slavs of Russia, who some day surely will come into their own again. But there it is. And

those who think that the fate of Austria is of no moment to them will very soon realise the nature of the obligations this country has incurred in the interests of hate and vengeance. This peace concerns us all. The Danube is to-day a British fighting issue.

When we consider the new delimitations, especially the new Polish Empire, which are to be fashioned out of the former economic structures of Germany and Austria-Hungary, we find they all follow the Secret Treaties, and are not, even racially, defensible under any League of Nations law which we and our enemies accepted as the basis of Peace. The Poles claim Masuria, with its lakes, hills, forests, and marshes, simply because it is of high strategic importance, though the Mazurs who live there are Protestant, and only a tribal offshoot of the pure Poles, not speaking even the same language. Similarly, the Poles, or rather the big Polish Catholic landlords, claim Lithuania from White Russia chiefly on the basis that the ascendancy Polish landowners are Roman Catholics, and that, with the temporary eclipse of Russia, they see an opportunity to appropriate or federate Lithuania, thereby amputating an important limb from the Russias. Now Poland is the most illiterate country in Europe, and through history has been notorious for her Jesuitical religious persecutions, which indeed were the determining reason of Russia's hostility, culminating in the three partitions a century and a half ago. East Prussia has been German since the thirteenth century, yet this province is to be separated from Germany, the reason being that the Teutonic Order which settled there founded a highly nationalised type of German, which came to be symbolic of German militarism. That is the real explanation for the establishment of Greater Poland. It is not for the *beaux yeux* of the Poles* (I remember the time, not so long ago, when the very gentlemen in Paris refused even to listen to the Polish case); it is because the idea is fear; to weaken, namely, Germany, to deprive Germany of Prussian influence—to play Napoleon. Precisely the same reasons apply to Czecho-Slovakia, to Jugo-Slavdom, and to Great Roumania. In these delimitations we defy and trample on the Covenant which forms part of the peace;

* Those who think this is exaggeration should read the secret Treaty made with the Tsar at Poland's territorial expense.

we reduce the League to a mere governing Alliance barren of all moral authority. But were that the only result we might, for the nonce at any rate, accept. What we are really establishing is chaos. Whether viewed diplomatically in the most cynical aspect of balance of power, or politically in the most callous aspect of materialism, the thing we are creating is a Frankenstein, and will be a source of continuous disturbance. For there are limits even to diplomacy, and one of them is death. Diplomacy, try as it may, cannot kill. It can only deflect, deter, transfer, disjoint; but where it disjoints life returns, and where there is life there will be energy. And so we shall discover. All the machinations of Paris will shortly find themselves shipwrecked on the spirit of the age. A hundred years ago Napoleon cast and recast the map as he pleased, but he displaced merely Principalities; the economic life of the Peoples concerned was left untouched, and of nationality in Europe there was little to dismember. But to-day national dislocations imply economic disturbances, which in their reactions are international in incidence, for capital and credit are to-day international, whereas in Napoleon's time neither the one nor the other played even a part.

That is where at Paris the "Big Three" have foundered. In their desire to humiliate, annihilate, and grab, they have economically weakened Europe; they have set up artificial economic units, they have pursued a policy of *levelling-down*, taking advantage of Russia's eclipse. The results are these. Europe, east of the Rhine, is to consist of lacerated and impoverished centre-units flanked by weak and doubtful economic units, who in turn are to remain armed while the centre units are to disarm. This, of course, was Napoleon's policy always; it has been scrupulously followed in Paris. Yet with this difference. The dislocations to-day are economic, therefore the reactions will be economic; now this must mean a poor and vitally weakened economic Europe with a greatly reduced purchasing power and a low export potentiality. The effects of this will be widely felt. All States, big and small, will in consequence be dissatisfied, restless, a congeries of brooding ambitions and anachronisms. As all Europe is insolvent and the economic mechanism of credit depends upon Britain, we shall perforce assume the *rôle* of Europe's

janitor, and Europe will be our white Egypt. To imagine that we can afford that luxury for long is to imagine a vain thing. To assume that Europe will consent for long to remain the economic vassal of the capitalists of Paris and London is to ignore history. A stricken, chaotic, impoverished, and infuriated Europe must react disastrously upon the world's markets, and particularly on our own, must react disadvantageously upon credit, must therefore still further strike at the tenuous foundations of the world's mechanism. We should never have contemplated such a dislocation but for the negativeness of Russia. To attempt the military reconstruction of Europe at this juncture is to gamble on the unknown—for a hate. And all this work of disintegration, dislocation, and destruction is done in the name of Demos, justice and liberty, while we don't even offer to return the Elgin Marbles.

Let us examine the military side or reason of the policy: the test. Now the idea is (1) to reduce Europe to economic interdependence dependent upon Allied credit, (2) to establish that "security" on the military position of France as the outpost of western civilisation, with a first or shock line advanced against Russia through the creation of the Polish-Czech-Roumanian-Croat-Slovene buffer State. That obviously is the idea, which incidentally recreates the France of Louis XIV. as the Catholic dominator of Europe. Now, militarily, this contains a fundamental error, for France is a declining State, has been so for years, and still is, so that numerically we in Britain must be the real military factor in the combination, without whose control of the seas and numerical physical power the structure would collapse at the first ultimatum delivered by a resuscitated Russia naturally refusing to admit to exclusion from Europe to suit the books of Anglo-French capitalists. France may, of course, change and increase her population, but as taxation must be high and grow higher in France, and thrift is the French peasant's watchword, the probabilities are that her population will continue to decline, whereas in all parts of stricken and penalised Europe the population, following the law of despair, will almost inevitably increase, and the pressure for expansion thus yearly rise to the point when the League will have to be sincere and effect rectifications, or Europe be once more

forced to fight it out. France is thus reconstituted as the military key to Europe. But *this key will depend absolutely upon Britain's sanction*, which means militarism, conscription here, no chance, that is, for us to reduce the debt; and thus we are faced at once with a social and national question which, however Paris may decide, will be determined by the democracy at home, and must be determined politically within a short time. If we consent to become a militarist State in order to guarantee France's European domination, the combination may endure for a few years, can possibly live till the renascence of Russia; but with Russia's national recovery new groupings will intervene and the whole military design will collapse.*

And for this all-important reason. It can only finally be upheld by America, who, in point of fact, alone can uphold the credit system of the world upon which civilisation rests. The last word, therefore, lies with America. If then the Senate declines to ratify the Treaty, for this or that party or irrelevant reason, the military combination of Europe will break down automatically and we shall be forced to begin again. It is unlikely that America will pledge herself to interfere in the tribal animosities of a modern Tilsitian Europe, and here we have a determining factor which will not improbably stultify not only the League but the Treaty, and throw Europe back into chaos. Yet if peace is to be arranged on a basis of interest for interest, we cannot complain if others maintain the principle. It is the point we are heading for. Ultimately it will be the condition which must underpin the whole Paris structure.

The two Treaties then are based upon purely military considerations aiming at the destruction of Germany and Austria with a buffer line as reinsurance between Germany and Russia—which considerations are fundamentally wrong militarily, as most intelligent soldiers will admit; and upon economic considerations, the object of which is to pauperise Germany and Austria with the object of

* The new Balkan imbroglio—the future touchstone of war—is now Asia Minor: the road to the East, and its military focus is India. There world-capitalism and world-militarism—West *versus* East—will meet in unadjustable competition, in which struggle Russia will speak the casting word. Our attempts to split up the Russias will prove as futile as our paper decrees to segregate and denationalise the Germans.

creating a series of small economic units for military reasons, thus enabling the victorious group to control and subjugate the defeated group—which economic considerations contradict one another in that France's design is to make Germany pay, whereas our design has been negational, *i.e.*, to eliminate German commercial competition. Thus economically the Treaty is self-destructive. But election pledges have frightened the politicians into economic absurdity, which, of course, is the reason why France insists upon what is the tacit annexation of the coal of the Saar valley by way of compensation. She will obtain coal and iron ore. We shall obtain no transferable value, but to enable France to satisfy her vengeance we shall be compelled to enforce conscription here, compelled to police the Danube, Rhine, Elbe, and other rivers, compelled finally to finance the armies and navies (of Poland) of the buffer line, compelled in our own despite to recuperate ourselves in a gigantic policy of imperialist absorption, thus mandatorially of Palestine, Mesopotamia, and in Africa, and probably of Turkestan and Persia, who in her geographical position as the centre of Islam will probably have to come into our (mandatory!) orbit as the strategic pivot of the Pan-Islamic movement which now inevitably will come into being as the result of the Turkish *débâcle*.*

Thus the Chinese and African policy of grab repeats itself at Paris while the politicians talk of "open covenants (of peace)," "freedom of the Peoples," "self-determination," and what not, and democracy, balanced between Bolshevism and the New Order, drives up wages to the point of non-productive utility in a wild game of numbers.

Though Treaty and Covenant are ludicrously contradictory, they are corollaries; they stand or fall together for the simple reason that if the Covenant is real the Treaty lapses, but if the Treaty is real the Covenant is merely a scrap of paper. That is part of the craftiness with which the thing has been worked. And yet, historically speaking, it is well so, I sincerely believe. This war could hardly end at once constructively. The aftermath of Armageddon

* The "sacred egoism" of Italy is likewise to share the fruits. Meanwhile, imperialist Russians look on at this mandolin-isation of their preserves with amused cynicism. *Nichevó*, they say.

must surely be bitter and terrible before light can return, and so in this stress of pain and European sorrow the politicians leave us—once more to fight it out; to win back to the honour and worth of our civilisation; to recast and rectify what is base, evil, and un-English in the secret covenants secretly arrived at.

Paris has tried to be national politically; national economically—now the moving spirit of the age is internationalism. Finance is already international. So is war. The war has been, physically, politically, economically, and socially—international; it cannot therefore have a *national solution*, and those who would now nationalise its meaning not only associate themselves with the national idea of the Germans—against which the war was fought—but *betray the entire idea of the Alliance* spiritually (which in a capitalist age might not much matter) and politically, in which case the war has been in vain, and the Kaiser and the C.O. remain the only two logical values. In other words, extremism is right. Again, if so, the world was wrong in intervening. I cannot accept this view. Nor will I believe that international credit fought national politics in order to prove the falsity of its own system. The politicians are wrong. Our armies were international, white and black, yellow and red, and they fought for the opportunity of internationalism against the feudal pretensions of the Germans to nationalise or subjugate. The cause of the war was thus cosmic; it must eventually have a cosmic association. Every mechanism of the war was international, and only through the internationalism of supplies, command, and reserve power or balance did we win. All attempts politically to nationalise victory must fail, because rooted in economic untruth.

One clean thing stands out from the shame and welter—the refusal of *all the neutrals sounded* to co-operate in the blockade of women and children in the event of the enemy refusing to sign a treaty of extinction, which must, if not speedily rectified, lead to the Bolshevisation of central Europe. That act of the neutrals will be a landmark. There we have a testimony to the New Order, and from that silent condemnation of the Paris Treaty construction and even grace will in due course emerge.

The Future of Opera

By Ernest Newman

Mr. Nicholas Gatty raises a number of interesting problems in his article on "British Opera" in the May number of the English Review; and if, as he would be the first to admit, he leaves some of them stated rather than solved, that is because they are so complex that none of us at present can quite see his way into and out of them again. Mr. Gatty restricts his inquiry, in the main, to British opera. But the problem of British opera is, at bottom, simply that of opera itself. It is time a new form of opera came into being, for the older forms have done their work.

There is, to be sure, one purely British side to the question of opera in general. We have had several British operas that have almost succeeded in establishing themselves in the regular repertory, but not one that has quite managed to do so. How are we to account for this? Mr. Gatty confesses himself puzzled to understand why so many foreign operas that outrage this or that canon of the genre should yet be permanently successful. They are "full" as he says, "of faults from both the dramatic and musical points of view." So, in all conscience, are most of our British operas: if they also are not successful we can only put it down to their faults being of the wrong sort. There are evidently, from the public's point of view, faults that matter in opera and faults that do not. Perhaps, after all, the only fault that matters is dulness; the man in the street (and it is he who decides whether an opera shall keep going or not) will tolerate every genre but *le genre ennuyeux*. One would think it ought to be perfectly easy to write an opera as good—or as bad—as *Samson and Delilah* or *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The former is popular because of its one erotic aria: the latter is popular in spite of its prayer and its intermezzo. Poorer stage stories than these, stories told and presented with less charm of handling or subtlety of psychology, could hardly be hit upon by the cheapest librettist; and surely any British composer can be as

commonplace for two or three hours as a Saint-Säens or a Mascagni. But can any British composer of opera turn out an aria like the one that is the mainstay of *Samson and Delilah*, or keep the man in the street as continuously interested as Mascagni does in *Cavalleria Rusticana* or Leoncavallo in *I Pagliacci*? Apparently not. These foreigners may be in the main mediocrities, and the genre in which they write may be a thoroughly bad one; but they are masters of their genre, and always, somewhere or other in their generally commonplace work, they manage to insert a piece or two of music that will suffice to keep the opera on its feet for at least a generation. Some of the music in *I Pagliacci* is beneath contempt; even the mind in the audience that is musically most innocent must feel, for instance, in Nedda's song in the first scene, that there are five hundred of our worst Boosey ballad writers who could have done this sort of thing much better. But *I Pagliacci*—apart from its story, which is an effective one for the theatre—has the Prologue and "On with the motley." Neither of these rises above the fourth-rate; but on the plane of the fourth-rate each is about as well done as it could be. The average audience will wait patiently through a good deal of dull music for a thing of this kind, and the retrospective savour of it (if "retrospective savour" be not an Irishism!) will compensate it for a good deal of dull music in the next half-hour or so. The truth as regards opera seems to be that if a thing is the best of its kind, the kind itself need not be a good one. The British shop ballad provides many confirmations of this theory. We may despise, in our superior hearts, such a genre as that of Coleridge Taylor's *Eleanore*; but in spite of ourselves we cannot help following the song or singing it to ourselves with a certain amount of interest. Banality, fatuousness, ugliness in art, as in life, are fascinating if only they are so perfect as to rise to the dignity of the typical. So it is with the *Pagliacci* Prologue. If one is a musician, one would rather one's own brain did not function like that; but if it is written in the book of fate that some brain or other shall so mistake rant for passion and platitude for philosophy, it is as well to have the absurd performance in its final, most typical form. Now our British ballad com-

posers, as I have said, can again and again achieve the typical, the monumental, the sempiternal in bathos and banality in their songs. If one of them could do so only twice in an opera it would have the success that *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *I Pagliacci* have had. That none of them have done so is a sign of how alien to our British ways of thinking opera has hitherto been.

By that I do not mean that the Briton *qua* Briton is incapable of thinking in terms of opera. It is simply that circumstances have been against him. He has not been steeped in the operatic tradition as he has in the ballad tradition. The Mascagnis and Leoncavallos have the instrument ready for them: all they have to do is to give a new personal turn to some little wheel or other. They grow up familiar from childhood with every trick of the operatic game. A hundred composers of their calibre are trying their luck at it every day: it is not surprising if now and then one of them makes a particularly fortunate throw. Our own men have not had the same tradition behind them, and therefore have not the same chances. They score all along the line in the ballad: but in opera hardly one of them can, I will not say hit the target, but even see it. And this may ultimately not be without its compensations. We have no bad tradition of opera because we have, broadly speaking, no tradition at all. It is open to us, therefore, to begin unfettered by any habits, bad or good. It has been difficult for a German to make an operatic success except in the style of Wagner, or for an Italian to make one except in the style of Verdi or Puccini. The Englishman has at any rate the advantage of being able to start without finding his path blocked by a giant of his own race. He has the chance of writing not merely an opera like *Samson and Delilah* or *Cavalleria Rusticana* or *I Pagliacci*, that shall romp home in a minor race by virtue of one good spurt at the right moment, but an opera that, like the best of Wagner or Verdi, shall stay the whole course in the biggest races. There is no reason why we should not have the English equivalent of *Tristan* or *The Meistersinger* or *Otello* or *Falstaff*.

No reason, of course, except that we do not as yet quite know how to do it. It is here that theory breaks down. We do not want, for our English opera, the style of Wagner,

of Verdi, of Puccini, of Moussorgsky or of Debussy. There is something wrong with every one of these styles; and it is certain that the next vital development in opera will follow none of them, but will take a line of its own. What that line will be, however, it is impossible to foresee. Mr. Gatty, I venture to think, is a little too inclined to look for guidance to the past. It is only negatively that we can learn from the past. It cannot teach us what to do: it can teach us only what to avoid, and the first thing to avoid is doing what the great opera writers of the past have done. For whatever they have done has been personal to them, and therefore not available as a prescription for others. Of this truth Wagner is the great illustration. With the solitary exception of *Hänsel and Gretel*, no opera written in the Wagnerian shadow and built on the Wagnerian foundations has had any durable being. Humperdinck himself never succeeded in repeating that success. *Hänsel and Gretel* is a charming piece of musical parasitism; and even *Hänsel and Gretel* does not attempt to utilise the whole of the Wagnerian apparatus. Oblivion has engulfed all the German writers of the last generation or two who deliberately strove to carry Wagner's work further along Wagner's own lines. What has become now of Cyril Kistler, who was hailed by Wagnerians of twenty years or so ago as *the* operatic composer of modern Germany? What has become of Bungert, for the staging of whose cycle of Homeric operas it was proposed to build a second Bayreuth somewhere in western Germany? What has become of the Wagnerian leading-motive, the Wagnerian polyphony, the Wagnerian "endless melody," and all the rest of the Wagnerian apparatus? They have long ago served their turn. They died with Wagner because they were born with Wagner, and could never have any life worth speaking of apart from him.

The whole of the Wagnerian reform was based upon one half-unconscious instinct—that for logical structure in opera. The great model of logic in music up to that time was the Beethoven symphonic form: and Wagner simply took the essence of this form and applied it to opera. He bound his music together, like Beethoven, by means of themes and thematic development; but as he was working in a double instead of a single medium he had to make his

themes typify his characters, and his thematic development correspond to the psychological development of his characters and the evolutions and involutions of his story. And just as no one later has succeeded in re-creating the Beethoven symphonic structure, because no later composer has had the peculiar Beethoven mind, so no one has succeeded in giving his own operas the peculiar Wagner logic, because no one since has had the Wagner mind. A logic of this kind is not a prescription the ingredients of which can be discovered by analysis and the prescription then made up in powders for anyone's use. It is simply a particular mind's way of working, and so not available for other orders of mind, that must find a logic of their own. Wagner had what no opera composer had before or since—a mind both synthetic and analytic, the faculty of seeing at the first glance the whole in the parts and the parts in the whole. If opera after him has been, particularly in the matter of synthesis, a somewhat unsatisfactory thing, that is because there has been no operatic composer since Wagner with anything like Wagner's instinct for design on the colossal scale, his gift for seeing not merely the whole statue in the marble, but the whole cathedral in the quarry. With all his faults, he remains the master-builder.

What are the alternatives, so far as we can see, to the Wagnerian plan of unifying opera by means of symphonic development? At the one extreme we have the old-style opera with its set musical pieces—its "numbers"—held loosely together by the action. At the other extreme we have the composer relieving the music of the task of unification and imposing it upon the text. The former plan is seen at its most primitive in the ballad opera with spoken dialogue, and in its more advanced forms in such works as *Carmen* (that still retains dialogue) and *Boris Godounov* (that has no dialogue). The boldest attempt at the second plan was that made by Debussy in *Pelléas et Mélisande*. The defect of all these forms is that they are musically discontinuous. The art of composition, as Wagner wrote to Frau Wesendonck when he was working at *Tristan*, is the art of transition. It is not enough to plan this or that room for a house, each with its appropriate furniture and decorations: the really vital thing, the real problem for the architect, is *the house*. Operas like *Carmen* and *Boris*

Godounov are only the old-style opera of "numbers" with the joins between the numbers left a little less noticeable. So, it may be said, is the Wagnerian opera. Perhaps so: the difference may be merely in the degree of noticeability, but one notices them much less in *Tristan* than in the works of any of the other men. The ideals always to be kept in mind are continuity and coherence; every bar should derive from its predecessor and generate its successor with an air of inevitable logic. Beethoven showed how this could be done in the symphony; Wagner, at his best, showed how it can be done in opera—in each case by means of symphonic development. The difficulty of achieving an equivalent result by Debussy's method—that of taking a drama that is already complete in itself as a piece of literature and using music simply to reinforce the text—is a double one. In the first place, since there are bound to be a certain number of emotional climaxes, in which music, purely as music, must, so to speak, be given its head, there is bound to be an unusual incongruity between these incandescent musical moments and the moments that are much less near to music than to speech. In the second place, since a text of this kind, planned in the first instance as a poetic drama, is sure to contain a quantity of matter that is not really suitable for music, the composer is often reduced to the primitive device of maintaining the musical atmosphere by a chord or two in the orchestra while the voice meanders over them very much in the manner of speech. But speech is only speech, and music is music. They may go together, but they are neither tonally nor psychologically the same. When they combine, it can only be on tyrannous music's terms: speech must flame into song. A great deal of *Pelléas et Mélisande* is neither speech nor song, but an infertile hybrid. It breaks down under a simple test. In no genuine piece of art can you alter the artist's work without both the body and the soul of it suffering: try to substitute ten bars of your own for any ten bars of *Tristan* or the C Minor Symphony, for instance, and see what happens. But you could take whole pages of *Pelléas et Mélisande* and re-write the recitatives without any listener who did not know the opera by heart being any the wiser. These pages, now that the novelty of them has worn off, are seen to be only

makeshift art. Debussy did not solve the eternal problem of operatic continuity: he only evaded it.

We have always to come back to Wagner in this matter—not that *he* always solved the problem, but that, at any rate, he saw clearly the only lines on which it can be solved. Since opera is a mating of speech and music, and since, in any combination of these two, music always insists on its own rights being regarded as paramount, nothing must be said that cannot, in the fullest sense of the word, be sung. Musical drama must be *musical* drama, not merely drama with music: that is to say, the story, the psychology, and the words must be not merely planned for music, but born out of the spirit of music. The libretto must be only the soul of the music *précisé* in words and action. Perhaps we shall never see anything again approaching this ideal until we have once more, as in Wagner, poet, dramatist, and musician combined in the one man. Wagner thought that he conceived his own works first of all as poet, and then called in the services of the musician. He was wrong. It was the musician in him that unconsciously planned the structure from the beginning, laying out the lines of poetic development in harmony with an as yet unformulated musical design. The vague general idea of the web came first, and was the work of the musician; the shape and texture of the meshes, the work of the poet, came later. The ordinary opera composer begins at the other end—the wrong end. We do not want any more invitations to whisky-and-soda, as in *Madame Butterfly*, or any more bicycles, as in *Fedora*; but whether, as Mr. Gatty seems to think, the best operatic subject is one remote from everyday life is not so certain. It will probably all depend on the imaginative power of the poet-musician of the future. And if we British, having at last escaped the Wagner tyranny, have the good sense not to submit ourselves to the French or any other tyranny, but try to work out our salvation along our own lines, it is quite possible that, with our freedom at once from tradition and from commercial interests in the opera house, the good luck to make the next real step forward in opera may be ours.

Our Empire, The League and the Future

By Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, R.N., M.P.

One of the many regrettable results of the delays to the peace is that the peoples of the world are visibly losing faith in the League of Nations. Another is that the subject races of the British Empire are beginning to lose faith in the British Empire. These are regrettable facts, but we had much better look them in the face and seek for a way out. During the last few months we have had serious risings, or threats of risings, in India, Egypt, Ireland, and now even in Malta. This last disorder must give even the dullest furiously to think. The Maltese have always been loyal subjects and well satisfied with British rule. Their privileges and special laws have been respected, and they have lived contentedly in the island side by side with the British.

All sorts of reasons are given for these disorders and unrests in the Empire, but I think at the bottom of it is the subconscious feeling that militarism at the present day does not only mean autocratic rule, but that economic exploitation is apt to go hand in hand with domination by arms. This is an entirely new departure. I suppose for the first time in our history commercial exploitation has followed hard on military occupation. We find so-called Staff officers with all our armies engaged in so-called Intelligence work, which in practice is little less than commercial espionage. The General Staff—or, rather, branches of it—seem to work hand in glove with certain commercial and financial interests, through Government departments, which same interests are highly placed in our Government machinery at home.

Take, for example, the British conquest of Palestine. This ought to have been a crusade to free a once fair land from the tyrannical rule of the Turk. It was proclaimed

that we were going to restore Palestine to the Jewish race, and we received much support from the Zionist Movement in England and America in consequence. Undoubtedly the average British soldier—officer and private—so looked upon this campaign. But in the latter months we heard far too much, both in Palestine and at home, of commercial possibilities, and of what a field for financial exploitation the Holy Land would be.

It is the same in Mesopotamia. The British Proclamation when we took Baghdad was in the noblest language, but soon afterwards we heard much of companies being formed to exploit Mesopotamia and develop it on a commercial basis.

It is the same in Southern Persia. With the overthrow of Czarism in Russia the whole *raison d'être* for having a "sphere of influence" in Southern Persia disappeared. It should be our mission—and it was our mission a generation ago—to set such countries as Mesopotamia, Persia, Palestine, and even the great Empire of India, on their feet as self-governing communities. If they are simply going to be fields for exploitation, fruitful ground for concession hunters, and vast reservoirs of cheap labour for the enrichment of European capitalists under the protection of British or Allied arms, then the *moral* justification for our rule over subject races will have disappeared.

Let there be no mistake about this. It is quite right that legitimate trade and commerce should be encouraged between this country and the backward countries temporarily under our protection, but there is a great difference between this and the economic enslaving of alien peoples who come within our several spheres of influence, protectorates, or mandates. Or take another aspect. Is it really supposed that the Turkish part of Asia Minor can be carved up and divided into British, French, Greek, and Italian mandates, without a repercussion throughout the Mahommedan world? It is all to the good that Macedonians, Armenians, Arabs, and Syrians should be freed from Turkish rule. But are they going to be freed from Turkish rule to be put under the governance of big money interests in London, Paris, Rome, and Athens? Remember that Constantinople is still a holy city to those holding the Moslem faith. It will be a dire misfortune if we allow the

impression to prevail throughout the Moslem world that we are in any way interfering with the spiritual power of the Turkish Caliphate. That the temporal power of the Turk over the subject peoples must go was obvious. But ideas are difficult things to destroy, and we should be doubly careful about any interference with the spiritual power mentioned above. Great spiritual waves of feeling are rising throughout the world. If the feelings of peoples are outraged, whether they be Arabs, Persians, Kurds, or Indian Mahommedans, they will listen only too readily to pan-Turanian or to Communist and Bolshevik propaganda. Let me quote the telegram sent to Paris by the Ligue Ottomane :—

> "The Turkish nation forms an absolute majority of workers and owners of the soil in all Asia Minor. In the same way the Arab nation has proved by the recent manifestations that it will not submit to any foreign domination. We warn European opinion that the Turks and Arabs will have recourse to all means to fight against imperialistic decisions."

If imperialistic decisions are swayed by the counsels of big financial interests, which will mean economic dominion for races temporarily under the power of the Allies, then we may look out for serious trouble throughout Asia Minor and Southern Asia. Referring once again to the spiritual issues raised, for these spiritual issues are all-important, it must be distinctly understood that the Moslem world will not look upon an Arabian Caliphate under an English protectorate as being in any way equal to a displaced Turkish Caliphate. By the fortune of war there is only one independent Moslem kingdom left—Afghanistan. War may have been forced upon us by the dynastic ambitions of the new ruler of Afghanistan; punitive expeditions may be necessary, but let us be more than careful that we are not encouraged by our temporary possession of such new and terrible weapons as the bombing aeroplane and the "whippet" tank into setting out on a war of conquest and subjection of Afghanistan.

The Moslem world is seething and may presently break out into open revolt. The peace is being kept by force by battalions of Allied soldiers, English, French, Greek, and Italian. These soldiers are mostly conscripts, or—as in

our case—they volunteered for the German war, and are being kept on now against their will. These soldiers will not face the prospect of indefinite exile from their homes. It is absolutely essential for the future of the British Empire, the French Empire, and the embryo League of Nations that we should convince all the non-European races in Asia Minor and Southern Asia that our aims are purely idealistic, and that we are not being swayed in the slightest degree by the desire to export ex-territorially the oil, minerals, and raw materials of those countries. Turkey, Persia, and all the semi-independent countries around and between must be invited to enter at once into the councils of the League of Nations, and to enter on terms of equality. These are ancient races with proud traditions. They will not for long submit to the economic and political rule of bureaucrats and financiers in Paris or Geneva, in whose councils they have no say or lot.

It must be clearly understood that the Allies are suspect at the present moment. The East and the Near East are a vast whispering-gallery. The hagglings and bargainings at Versailles are freely discussed in the bazaars and marts of the Near and Middle East. Such incidents as the Italian mandate for Georgia, in apparent compensation for the abandoning of imperialistic designs in Dalmatia, are apt to be appraised at their true value in Cairo, Damascus, Constantinople, Baghdad, and Delhi. Asia is awake as well as Europe. Nationalistic and democratic thoughts are filling men's minds. Unless a little real statesmanship is shown quickly in the councils of the Allies, the British, French, and Italian Empires in the East will be seriously endangered, and the activities of the Council of the infant League of Nations suspect from its cradle.

The New Loan

By Raymond Radclyffe

The Chancellor of the Exchequer began his financial year with a huge floating debt of roughly £1,500,000,000. Clearly, the only thing he could do was to get rid of this incubus as quickly as possible. The public does not see that this floating debt is largely responsible for the high prices now ruling. But the Committee on Currency and Foreign Exchanges has explained it very neatly. They point out that every £1 needed over and above the money subscribed by the public to loans or obtained by taxation comes from the Bank of England, which places the amount to the credit of "Public Deposits." It is then drawn upon by the Government and paid away to contractors and others. The cheques thus drawn are paid into the various joint stock banks and are by those banks cleared and placed to their credit at the Bank of England. Thus the money in due time gets transferred from "Public Deposits" to "Other Deposits," and thus increases the cash balances of the joint stock banks at the Bank of England. Joint stock bank cash is thus available for advances to customers in ever-increasing amounts. But as banks only hold between twenty and twenty-five per cent. of their cash in reserve, actually seventy-five per cent. gets out into the world, and as a thousand pounds is made the basis upon which advances up to £4,000 or more can be made, credit grows snowball fashion. The perpetually-increasing expenditure means an ever-growing credit, and Treasury Notes grow *pari passu* with the credit. The more money there is, the higher prices mount. Therefore, if we wish to increase the purchasing power of the pound sterling, we must reduce our floating debt.

The Chancellor had an easy task in front of him. Everybody was full of money. The Stock Exchange was booming and prices rising. Peace was considered certain. But Mr. Austen Chamberlain lacks vision, and he is also incapable

of resolute action. When his financial year ended he should have introduced his Budget and at the same time announced that he proposed to consolidate our whole debt upon a four per cent. tax-free basis. He could have passed a short Act making conversion compulsory. No one would have said a word. The terms of conversion would, of course, have been fair terms. As we cannot forecast what the income tax will be in two years' time, but as we are most of us certain that it cannot go down, we should all have been glad to secure a certain four per cent. upon our money. The credit of Great Britain would have been placed upon a thoroughly sound basis and the consolidated four per cent. tax-free debt would have gone to a small premium and stayed there. We had evidence that investors both at home and abroad like tax-free bonds, because the existing tax-free fours, issued at par in 1917, have never fallen below that figure and are to-day 30*s.* premium. Whereas the fives, issued at the same time but subject to tax, have nearly always been at a discount, and as I write are quoted at one discount.

The National Debt of Great Britain would have stood at roughly eight thousand millions, and the interest charge would have been three hundred and twenty millions. To-day the interest charge is about four hundred millions. We should, it is true, have lost the revenue collected on the income tax, but that figure cannot be estimated at more than sixty millions a year. Thus the country would have saved twenty millions a year in interest alone.

But what have we got instead? The credit of the Empire remains on a five per cent. basis and places a permanent tax upon all traders, and also affects the price of trustee investments. If the British Government will pay five per cent. for its money then no one will buy other securities that do not pay more. It may suit bankers who make money out of high rates of interest. It may suit insurance companies to be able to invest their funds at five per cent. for a practically unlimited period. But it does not suit the man in the street, for it increases his cost of living. It forces him whenever he needs money to pay more for it than if the credit of the Empire stood upon a four per cent. basis. In short, it is an extravagant and, to my mind, a useless addition to the burdens we have to bear.

The Funding Loan is redeemable by means of a sinking fund which provides for redemption in 1990, and the effect of the sinking fund will possibly cause the loan to stand at par in 1960. But the nation must pay the sinking fund, and it would have been much cheaper if it had had to provide a sinking fund for a four per cent. loan at par than a four per cent. loan issued at eighty. The capitalist does not complain. He gets five per cent. on his money and knows that the principal and interest are safe. The issue of the loan at a discount means a dead loss of twenty per cent., and the loss could have been avoided easily by an issue at par, tax free. It is degrading to think that Great Britain is compelled to issue her loans at a heavy discount, especially as such a discount was quite unnecessary. If the Chancellor collects two thousand millions—and he must, otherwise he will not clear up the floating debt and have money to meet the deficit on the Budget—he will have to pay interest upon two thousand four hundred millions, or ninety-six millions a year, a loss of sixteen millions a year, which he could have saved by a tax-free four per cent. loan at par.

We have heard much of a Premium Bond issue, and some people have called out for such a loan, quite forgetting that whatever prizes are given away the money for such prizes must be found by those who put up the cash. The Chancellor shows us his idea of the premium bond in the "Victory Bonds," which some have called the "Suicide Loan." Here we are offered a four per cent. loan, not at eighty, as in the Funding Loan, but at eighty-five, and, in consideration of our paying the additional five pounds per cent., we are promised that one-half per cent. shall be set aside for annual drawings commencing September 30, 1920. Thus we are asked to pay five pounds for a two hundred to one chance. It is only fair to say that in 1921 the chance becomes about one hundred and ninety to one, and each year the odds against drawing the prize gradually decrease, until the whole issue is drawn some fifty-six years hence. The gambler could hardly find much attraction in such an offer, for the price he pays only gives him a yield of four and three-quarters per cent. The Chancellor would seem to have thought that such an issue would hardly "go," so he agrees to accept the "Victory Bonds" in payment of death duties at par value of £100. Therefore people who

think they may die soon will no doubt subscribe and thus get fifteen per cent. discount off their death duties. In this way a reasonable premium is put upon "suicide," which now becomes a profitable venture blessed by the Government. Insurance companies who are helped by the four per cent. Funding Loan cannot be very well pleased at the Victory Bond, for they have done quite a large business in the past by insuring people against death duties.

I have talked with many people in the City, bankers, stockbrokers, and merchants, and I cannot find anyone who is pleased with the loan. Most people consider that the terms are too generous. Nevertheless, the loan sticks. Many bankers have not been consulted at all in regard to the terms. It is a pity that the Chancellor should not have taken the opinion of the majority of financiers in the City. If he had he would have found them all ready to support a tax-free four per cent. loan at par, and if he had taken the trouble to work out the saving to the nation on such a loan he would have found that, even allowing for the loss on income tax, a considerable sum would have been saved.

The National Debt will have to be consolidated some day, and I am sure that it would have been the easiest thing in the world to have done it just after the Budget made its appearance. Now we shall have to wait the result of the present offer, and a consolidation of the National Debt must be postponed for at least two years. All this means expense and loss of credit.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE. By SOMERSET MAUGHAM. Heinemann. 7*s.* net.

THE sombre and tragic story of Charles Strickland, done in the allusive and dispassionate manner which conceals consummate art, has almost the air of verisimilitude: indeed, there was a French painter who banished himself to the South Seas to escape the infection of current art; but Strickland's case is more complete, for his individuality was perfect and unshakable in any circumstances, and Mr. Maugham has drawn this passionless egotism with extraordinary skill and given to his hero's brutal perversity the air of destiny and even grandeur. For its atmosphere alone this story is well worth reading; the little glimpses of London respectability, the Bohemian frankness of Montmartre, the cosmopolitan vice of Marseilles, the luxuriant naturalism of Tahiti, are all remarkably cleverly done, so that the long analysis of Strickland's implacable pursuit of that most elusive of all things, beauty, forms a pleasant thread upon which many compelling incidents and personalities are strung. An unusually subtle book and a delightful bit of analytical writing.

POETRY

SIR GAWAYNE AND THE GREEN KNIGHT. A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY POEM DONE INTO MODERN ENGLISH. By KENNETH HARE. Shakespeare Head Press.

THE above poem was the outstanding English contribution to the great medieval romance cycles sustained so brilliantly on the Continent by France and Germany. Its anonymous author—a monk of Chester town, as some have conjectured—composed his poem in the dialect native to him, while a long succession of great writers from Chaucer's day to Shakespeare's gradually made London English the standard dialect of English culture. Thus through the accident of dialect Gawayne has become inaccessible to poetry-lovers, although philologists alike of Europe and America have expended much misplaced ingenuity on textual emendations and academic juggling. Lieut. Hare avoids the too common mistake of giving us a "scientific rendering." Such renderings, though they have the great redeeming feature of unconscious humour, obliterate the poetry for which alone a poem is translated. The philologist who seeks to render by scientific method work which was never scientific is on a par with a poet who should seek to illustrate the phenomenon of wireless telegraphy by the simile of the Hippogryph. Lieut. Hare is scholarly and accurate, but not slavish, and his lyrical treatment of the Spenserian stanza (his

original in the rhymeless alliterative metre) is admirably adapted to the requirements of narrative poetry, while his translation is the only verse-translation yet attempted of a tale as essentially English and as full of vitality as the "Pickwick Papers."

Space forbids quotation of any of those greenwood passages in which natural scenery and life in the open are happily and realistically portrayed. Lieut. Hare has contributed not unworthily to the poetry and scholarship of to-day.

FICTION

MARY OLIVIER: A LIFE. By MAY SINCLAIR. Cassell. 7*s*. net.

IT is the tree of life, and not any tree of heaven, which is Mary Olivier's family tree. With the tree of knowledge of good and evil she becomes sadly and wonderfully acquainted, even whilst her remote and bearded father walks, like God, in the garden in the cool of the day; but she has no use for its stolen apples when they are stolen for her; she cannot pretend that the wisdom they give is wisdom; that lies in music, in fire, in beauty, in the serenely orbed possession of her individual soul, in the brightness of glimpsed and remembered wonder. And yet Mary is no prig; she is passionately alive, with a marvellously intimate and detailed life. Her childish mind is one of the most wonderfully recaptured presentments of outward and inward pictures ever done. Perhaps you may call her abnormal; if so, it is with that abnormality which turns commonplace to high adventure, and Essex flats and Yorkshire starkness to forlornly magic countries. The places and the people; her parents, brothers, uncles, aunts, lovers, servants, friends, and passers-by, all living creatures with their own private souls; the houses, furniture, trees, and skies, hold her by their nearness and dearness, even by their dreadfulness; but she is never to be loved or wheedled or bullied from allegiance to something which she has found which touches her spirit to exquisite peace. Miss Sinclair has reached the very height of her singular gift in this book, but she tries her readers a little bit high; still even those who cannot attain will feel the charm of her quick and penetrating pictures.

THE UNDYING FIRE. By H. G. Wells. Cassell. 6*s*. net.

MR. WELLS is determined to "stick to God," so all good luck to him, and let it be said that he has written a fine book, immensely stimulating. This time he has worked on the scheme of a conversation, and the hero is a schoolmaster upon whom ill-fortune has fallen. His son is reported "missing," his wife has become old and sour, his school is to be taken from him in the interests of "modern education," and then he is diagnosed as cancerous. He is to be operated on. Just before the operation the directors meet to break it to him. They are of the ordinary type: material, prosperous, unimaginative, titled. The scene that develops is the book. In passionate pleading. Hus, the schoolmaster, unfolds his sense of the Being—God is truth. His Will is service. Then the doctor appears and joins in. He strips the flapdoodle spookery of Sir C. Lodge and of Sir Conan Doyle, dissects their reason, exposes them. At last Hus lies on the operating table. In his subconscious mind

a new god is revealed to him—courage. By courage the stars continue in their courses. It is courage that "keeps the sky and earth apart." That is the sacred fire. And so it proves. There is a vast amount of intellectual brilliancy in this work. Once more we see the artist as the spiritual force in the modern world. This is at once a homily and a scientific essay: big stuff bubbling over with creative thought and fancy, worth all the sermons of the Church put together for the last three years.

MR. STERLING STICKS IT OUT. By HAROLD BEGBIE. Headley Bros. 6*s*. net.

THIS novel of purpose, with its introductory letters of the artist to the Prime Minister, and Mr. George's political replies, shows that we are returning to considered forms of life and even to our English sanity. The artist stands for honesty, the politician for fear, and, though the timid politician suppressed Mr. Begbie's book, to-day Mr. Begbie endures, while the politician recedes further into the slough where fear and deceit congregate. Quite a lesson this, in politics!

As a novel it is a study in contrast. A typical English family, rich, respected, respectable; and then the war comes. All but one do the right thing. Christopher, however, is a C.O. He works with the poor in London. He stands out as against his soldier brother, both *preux chevaliers,* the one with, the other without, idea. And the inevitable happens. Christopher is arrested, imprisoned, and eventually done to death. This last scene is touching and artistically portrayed. He dies, but his soul goes marching along—for England. Mr. Begbie writes fine English. He has the intellectual honesty of the true artist, and so his book will reach many people, will teach many people, will stimulate not a few. We shall hear a lot more about the C.O. movement during the next few years.

BLIND ALLEY. By W. L. GEORGE. Fisher Unwin. 9*s*. net.

WRITERS are now dealing with the psychology produced by the war with intellectual honesty—that is to say, as distinct from propaganda or war journalism—and in this tome Mr. George "lets fly." Not that the work is satire or political; it is a study of men and women during war, very faithful to fact, absolutely true in observation and representation, so that we can see ourselves, as in a big mirror. Mr. George takes a typical family for his scheme in contrasts; the father, Etonian, prosperous, the complete gentleman of principles and scruples; and he shows us the changes wrought in the man, leaving him almost a Bolshy in the end. His son returns incapacitated; he, too, is almost a Bolshy. The daughters have affairs; one gets divorced, the other has a lover. Their maid has an illegitimate child, etc., and, of course, the village has a "Conchy." Only his wife, aged forty-five, remains true to type—implacable, unchangeable, conservative to the bone. "Hang them all" is her motto, and this amiable, elderly savage strikes the chorus of Greek comedy of the unchanging changeableness of things. A brilliant book. Mr. George has risen to high flights in this volume, which will certainly be read not only because it is vividly entertaining, but

because it is so true, so pungent and atmospheric. On women, Mr. George is always good. This time he reveals deep knowledge and cunning.

WAR

BELGIUM UNDER GERMAN OCCUPATION. By BRAND WHITLOCK. 2 vols. Heinemann. 25*s.* net.

As a work of observation, this book, from the pen of so able a man as Brand Whitlock, is disappointing—it is for its subject far too chatty, diplomatic, which in an American astonishes. Quips and French diplomatic phrases abound. The atmosphere is that of Talleyrand, and this leads the author in places to make himself almost ridiculous on the question of war. His great friend is the Spanish Ambassador, who clearly is of the old school, and much play is made with this polished diplomat's tongue, in reality weakening the author and his case; for was it not a few years ago that America did precisely the same thing to Spain in Cuba and the Philippines? and if Mr. Whitlock had met the Spanish Ambassador in those days this book would have been very differently written.

But, though far too long, annoyingly "service," and class-flippant, the work unquestionably is worth reading and taking seriously as at least an authentic account of the period of occupation, of which it gives a sad and terrible picture, if clearly painted as black as possible. For the author does not pretend to objectivity. He hates. He has no use for the Hun. He slobbers, in fact, over the virtues of the Belgians, which, of course, we all know to be ridiculous. That is the weakness. This is not an historic document. It is diplomatic journalism—propaganda. But to those who enjoy polite chatter, not too bloody, not deep, interspersed with French and Spanish phrases, we recommend this verbose testimony, for it is bright, entertaining, and correctly diplomatic in attitude and expression, and, in one sense at any rate, singularly un-American.

ILLUSIONS AND REALITIES OF WAR. By FRANCIS GRIERSON. John Lane. 5*s.* net.

As the last of Mr. Grierson's fifty-four essays is a plea against premature peace, before the Americans have had time to show their mettle, we may assume that the papers which form the matter of this pleasant volume were written whilst the dust of conflict was still in the air. This, of course, does not invalidate their truth nor their usefulness in the main, but some of the passing judgments on men and things will, for this reason, strike one as hasty. For example, will there be no post-war enjoyment of *Pickwick* or *Monte Cristo*? Is the old art so absolutely superseded by the new? Mr. Grierson is, perhaps, most interesting in the many papers which analyse the American point of view and the hidden potentialities of her future. His papers on the Russian and German psychology are also most illuminating; indeed, he possesses an unusual knowledge of men and things. A detailed criticism of the many interests and topics discussed would need unlimited space. It must, therefore, suffice to say that Mr. Grierson moves amongst living questions and gives lively and interesting answers to them in a manner which has already placed him amongst the considerable essayists.

TO LOVERS OF LITERATURE

"The finest Review in the English language."

—*Arnold Bennett.*

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Annual Subscription, Post Free to all parts of the World - - - - 18/-

Six Months, ditto - - - - - - - - 9/-

The Manager, ENGLISH REVIEW,
19, Garrick Street, London, W.C. 2.

JUST ISSUED, ORDER YOUR COPY AT ONCE!

ON SUBSCRIPTION
A
GLORIOUS ILLUSTRATED VOLUME:

THE LIFE OF
MOHAMMAD
THE PROPHET OF ALLAH

SPLENDID EDITION DE LUXE

The text, drawn from Oriental sources by SLIMAN-BEN-IBRAHIM, is adorned with 35 coloured plates and 12 ornamental pages, coloured and gilt, with decorative lettering, arabesques, etc.

Limited edition of *One Thousand Copies, press-numbered:*

125 on Imperial Japanese vellum at **£18 0 0** per copy
875 on Hand-made paper at - - **£8 0 0** „

This is not merely a "pretty" illustrated book, but a monument of Oriental art. The great French painter, E. DINET, well known for his superb illustration of "Antar," "Le Printemps des Cœurs," "Mirages," "Le Désert," etc., is not only responsible for the illustrations, but also for the text, which he has wrought out from Arabic sources in collaboration with his faithful friend in all his wanderings, SLIMAN-BEN-IBRAHIM.

Never before has the life of the great Prophet of Islam (*the greatest* in the eyes of many millions of intelligent men in the East) been set forth with sympathy, clearness and justice.

For the first time, the life of Mohammad is illustrated by a thoroughly competent artist who has devoted his life to studying at original sources, like the great Sir Richard Burton, the incomparable, ever-changing glory of Eastern life in camp and desert.

After the many slanderous, vituperative lives of Mohammad that have appeared in European lands during the course of centuries, this book, divulging the real characteristics and triumphs of the mighty Prophet of Medinah, will come as a revelation to those who have no idea of the truth.

This work is dedicated by the Author and his Arab collaborator to the memory of the valiant Moslem soldiers, particularly those of France and England who, in the sacred cause of Right, Justice and Humanity have piously sacrificed their lives in the great war of the Nations.

AN ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS will be forwarded post-free on demand, at the nominal price of five shillings and sixpence, to intending buyers.

This prospectus contains one of the full-page coloured illustrations by E. DINET; an ornamental page from the book; a specimen page of the text; and terms of subscription; the whole enclosed in an art wrapper.

PARIS BOOK CLUB, 11, rue de Châteaudun, PARIS (IX^e^).

PRINTED IN GT. BRITAIN BY R. CLAY AND SONS, LTD., BRUNSWICK ST., STAMFORD ST., LONDON, S.E. 1,
AND PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ENGLISH REVIEW (1911) LTD., 19 GARRICK ST., LONDON, W.C. 2.
ADVERTISING OFFICES: 19 GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C. 2.
REGISTERED FOR CANADIAN POSTAGE.
ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.